

# The Sketch



No. 617.—VOL. XLVIII. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1904.

SIXPENCE.

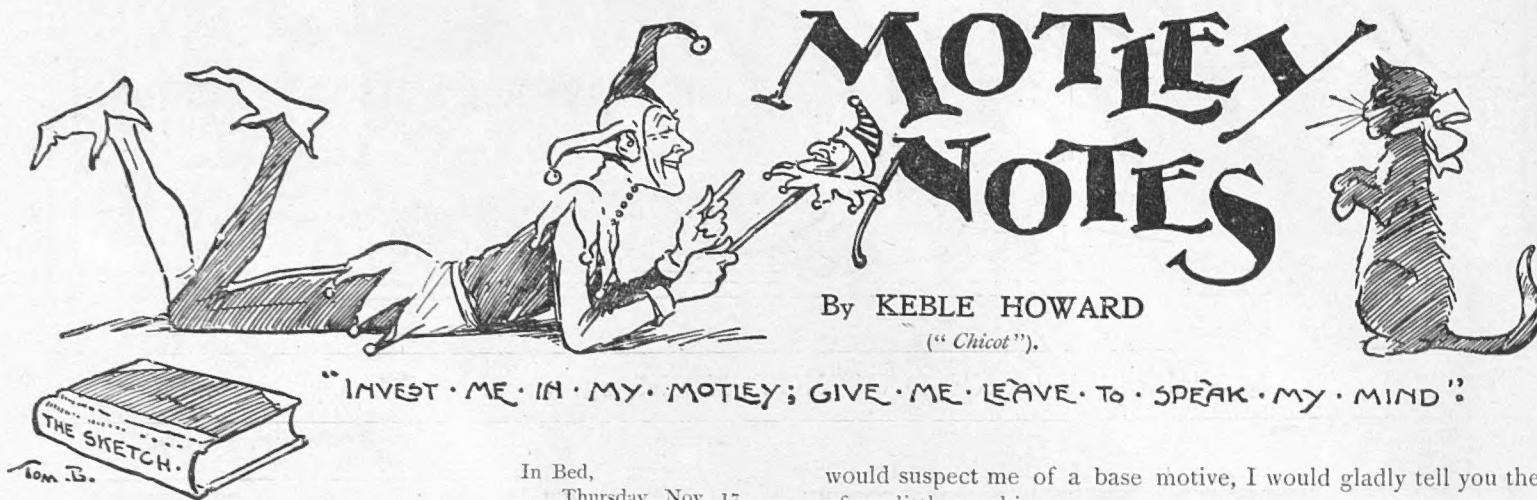


MISS LILY BRAYTON AS THE DUCHESS OF ANDOLA IN "THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD,"

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





In Bed,  
Thursday, Nov. 17.

THANKS to another slight attack of influenza, the above has been my address since Sunday last. Do not suppose, however, that my week has been altogether wasted. On the contrary, I have been compiling, for the benefit of fellow-sufferers, a few warnings that should be carefully observed throughout the visit of the greedy fiend. Here they are:

(1) Never move the head sharply from side to side. The action, in addition to being very undignified, is apt to remind you unpleasantly that your brain is a pulp, your eyes balls of fire, and your skin baked parchment.

(2) Do not endeavour to remember the name of the person to whom you ought to have written on a matter of particular importance. Whatever the matter may have been, it is important no longer.

(3) Do not try to decide for yourself, once and for all, whether Life is more real than Death, and Eternity than either. The chances are that you will be able to solve these and other problems to your complete satisfaction when you are once again sufficiently strong to visit your Club.

(4) Do not encourage yourself to believe that the best way to get to sleep is to hurl your body from one side of the bed to the other three times in every minute.

(5) Do not call down curses on the head of your landlord because an army of mice persist in practising the cake-walk in the middle of your bedroom-floor every night. After all, the landlord is out of reach and the mice are not. Throw the candlestick at them.

(6) Do not attempt to read "Whosoever Shall Offend," by Marion Crawford, or "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens. The first will depress you horribly, and you will give up the second at page 125 because you have not yet come to the story. Besides, you may be tempted to call the latter a fluently-written guide-book. Keep it, therefore, until you have visited the Sahara with a note-book yourself, and can compare impressions.

(7) Make a point of grinning broadly when anyone comes in to see you. Invalids, remember, are always expected to be grateful, humble, and affectionate. Besides, your visitor is probably perspiring with self-complacency, and it is highly dangerous to check a perspiration.

(8) Strive to imagine, when you read your morning paper, that the matter printed therein is just as interesting and noteworthy as it used to be before you were ill. It is dangerous to shift your point of view too suddenly.

(9) Never attempt to write in bed. Take warning by the pathetic results achieved on this page.

As a matter of fact, I think I have at last discovered the secret of writing comfortably in bed. I tried, of course, all the usual dodges. I sat up, balanced a writing-pad on my knees, and scribbled away with a fountain-pen. The end of that was that the pad slipped, the sheet of paper fluttered to the floor, and I, reaching after it, came within an ace of complicating my case by cracking the top of my skull. I also wrote with a pencil. After working hard for an hour, I discovered that three-fourths of what I had written was quite illegible. At the third attempt I made my discovery. On my bed I placed a large, flat book. On the book I put my little typewriting-machine; then, all I had to do was to lie at full-length and manipulate the keys with one hand. Every now and then, perhaps, I was compelled to use two hands, as, for instance, when I had to shift the type-wheel in order to write a capital. Taken all round, however, the experiment was perfectly successful, and I strongly recommend the bedridden, invalids, or those who prefer to pass their lives in bed, to adopt the same method of writing. Were it not that the ungenerous

would suspect me of a base motive, I would gladly tell you the name of my little machine.

There are people, you know, who spend all their lives in bed, merely because they prefer it. I came across this interesting fact in *Tit-Bits*. That was years and years ago, but I rather think the name of the article was "People Who Never Get Up." The writer had mastered his subject thoroughly, and was able to describe, in the most interesting manner, the age, appearance, social status, pecuniary means, and so forth, of these determined lie-abeds. The idea fascinated me; I have never forgotten it. I was at school when the article appeared, and was forced to leave my warm bed at half-past-six every morning, and then work for an hour before having breakfast. You may imagine how I envied the wealthy old lady of Dulwich, described minutely in *Tit-Bits*, who had never left her bed for twenty-seven years and yet enjoyed the best of health. I made up my mind that, if ever I managed to save enough money to live on, I, too, would go to bed and stay there. I could imagine the consternation of my friends and relations—especially my relations—when they heard that I obstinately refused to get up. I thought with keen satisfaction of breakfast in bed every morning, and a large fire roaring up the chimney every night. The article, I ought to say, appeared in the winter; summer was too far off to disturb my scheme.

On Monday, oddly enough, I remembered my resolution of many years ago and marvelled at its soundness. Tuesday found me less decided. On Wednesday I caught myself pitying the old lady of Dulwich, and wondering whether, provided that she were still alive, I could persuade her to get up and come for a walk. I did not like to think of her enduring, to the end of her days, the discomforts of a life in bed. And to-day? Well, to-day, with all due respect to dear *Tit-Bits*, I begin to think that the noble gentleman who wrote that article must have suppressed some small portion of the truth. I cannot conceive it possible, to-day, that any lady, young or old, or any gentleman, young or old, would be such a fool as to stay in bed, voluntarily, for twenty-seven years. Not that the weather makes me restless; the weather is the one consolation. But the crumbs on the lower sheet, the soup down the neck, the ache in the back—these are the things that make me pity the old lady of Dulwich. Yet meals, really, are not the worst of the torture. There is that dreadful pattern on the wall-paper, that looked like drunken currant-bushes yesterday, and to-day is evidently a humorous drawing by Hassall as seen in a nightmare. There is the never-ending bawl and rattle in the street below; there is the monotonous ticking of my stupid watch; there is the sound of steps on the stairs that are utterly careless of me or my poor little imaginings. Worst of all, there is the long, long night—snatches of sleep that seem to have lasted for days, and yet, when I look at my watch, have occupied less than an hour; sudden creakings that mean nothing, and moanings of the wind that seem to mean everything; wild thoughts that rush helter-skelter through the brain, now huge as giants, now wee as pygmies, but always hideous.

I beg your pardon. I was forgetting, for a paragraph, that this is no place for grievances and rubbish of that sort. I was forgetting, too, that by this time to-morrow I shall—all being well, including myself—be at Deal. It is perfectly obvious, therefore, that I have no claim upon your sympathy. Why, by the time these lines are being printed, perhaps before, I shall be at my desk again at the old address. Cheer O!



OUR ROYAL GUESTS: THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL IN LONDON.

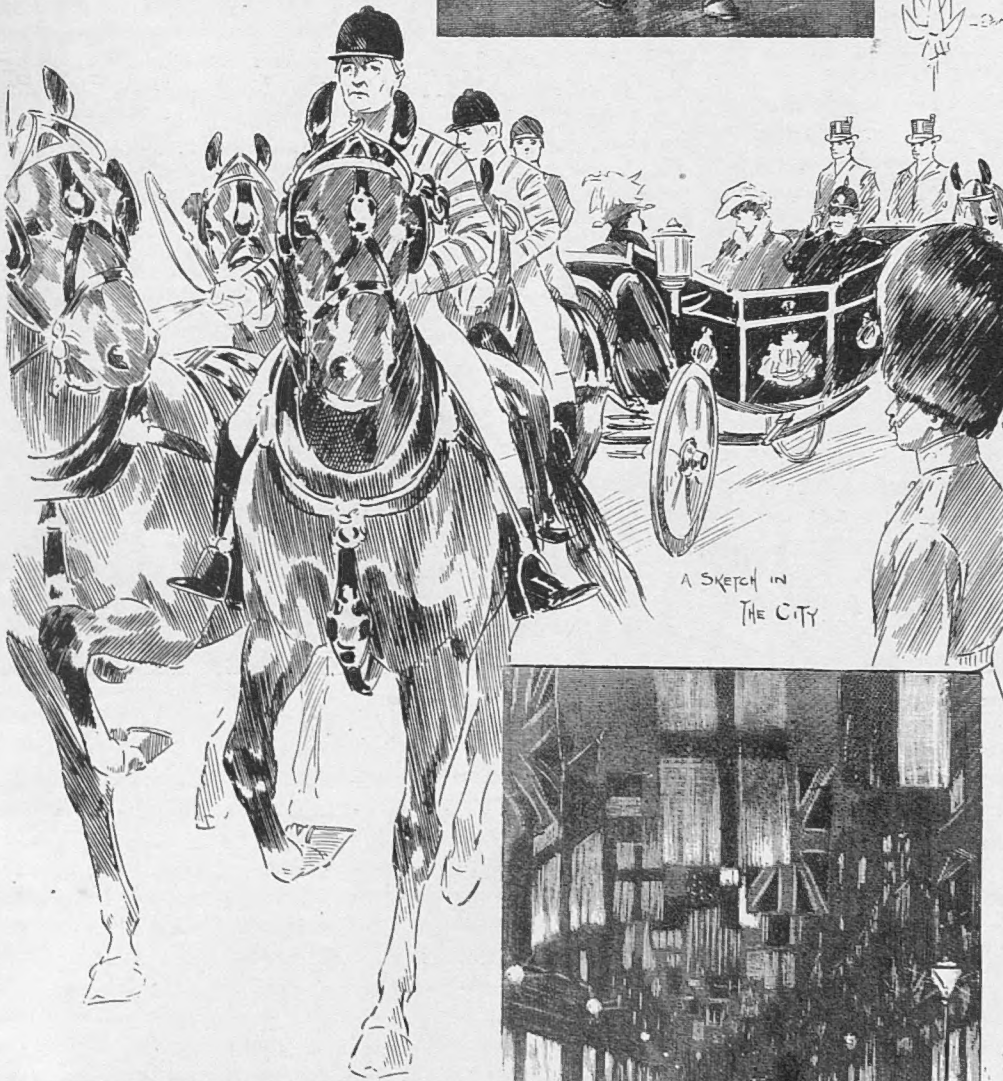
"ALL TONGUES SPEAK OF HIM & THE BLEARED  
ARE SPECTACLED TO SEE HIM" SIGHTS  
(COROLANUS II I)



TO LET RAZE CLOUDS  
OVERTAKE ME IN MY  
HIDING MY BRAVERY IN  
THEIR ROTTEN SMOKE  
(DUNNIST XXIV)



"BUT NOW BEHOLD -  
HOW LONDON DOETH POUR OUT  
HER CITIZENS  
THE MAYOR AND ALL HIS BRETHREN IN BEST SORT"  
(HENRY V. - PROLOGUE)



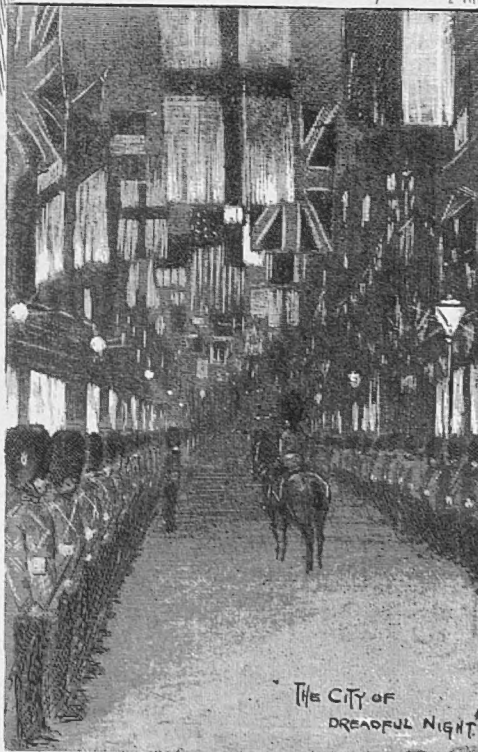
A SKETCH IN  
THE CITY



"OLD  
ROADS RESOLVED  
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO  
CROSS THE ROAD FOR?"  
"TO GET TO  
THE OTHER  
SIDE!"



EDUCATION !!!  
PROGRAMME BARLAR  
POCKET  
ENDORCHIEF  
&  
GUIDE



THE CITY OF  
DREADFUL NIGHT

Ralph Cleaver



"GOOD GWACIOUS  
IS IT  
DWARNS OR  
UNDERGROUND  
WILWAY?"





*King Carlos and Roast Beef—Our Little Difficulty with Russia.*

IT was necessary for me to cross the line of the procession of King Carlos and his Queen on Thursday last, in order that I might get to my lunch, and I was not at all vexed to be delayed for a quarter-of-an-hour by the crowd, for King Carlos is such a good sportsman that every Englishman is delighted to give him a cheer, and that quite independently of the fact that he is related to our own Royal Family and that his country is our one out-and-out ally on the Continent of Europe.

As I stood amidst the gathering of ladies of all ranks, workmen out for their dinner-hour, and loafers, who make a street-crowd on a working-day, the one general remark was, "What will they think of our climate?" This anxiety was unnecessary, for Queen Amélie was

knowledge of our national characteristics is the one great danger which exists in the relations of the two countries. The Russian, who is always asserting his readiness to fight and is always shaking the knout at possible adversaries, cannot understand the lines of thought of a nation which will do much to avoid war, but, the extreme point of forbearance passed, will fight just as long and just as doggedly as Russia can.

It was this lack of comprehension of the working of the minds of other nations which brought on the Russian War. I was in a foreign capital at the time that the Japanese made their sudden attack on the Russian Fleet, and I know that the state of mind of the young diplomatists of the Russian Embassy was one of genuine surprise that the Japanese should have had the impudence to go to war. That Japan should protest and threaten to fight was quite natural, but I fancy there was scarcely any Russian in an official position who did not firmly believe that his country would obtain all it chose to ask for without being compelled to send a steam-roller over its troublesome little neighbour. Russia's very disagreeable awakening as to the limits of Japanese patience does not seem to have taught the hectoring party of the Empire the lesson they would have been wise to learn.

At the same time, it seems to me that we, as a nation, are rather unreasonable in our hot demands for the punishment of the Russian naval officers, and that we wish to be plaintiff, judge, and common executioner all in one. When I recall what our own feelings were

Princess Victoria. Prince of Wales. The Queen. Marquis de Soveral. Prince Christian.



Duke of Connaught. Queen Amélie. King Edward. King Carlos.

OUR ROYAL GUESTS: THE SHOOTING-PARTY AT WINDSOR.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

born at Twickenham and knows a "London particular" almost as well as a Londoner. She has seen all sides of London life, and it was for her labours of love amidst the British poor that the Pope gave her the much-coveted Order of the Golden Rose. The King of Portugal, who dislikes formality as heartily as the King of the Belgians does, has, I know, seen London more than once when he has travelled incognito, for his broad frame and little moustache are unmistakable, and I have, before now, seen him walking up Bond Street, looking into the jewellers' windows like any country cousin. This, of course, is his third visit as a King.

The story of the King of Portugal and the English roast beef is, perhaps, not true, but is certainly *ben trovato*. Dom Carlos, asked, after his first official visit to Great Britain, what impressed him most, replied, "The roast beef of England," and, being pressed as to what else he had seen worth remembering, answered, "The boiled beef of England." Whoever invented the tale had a knowledge of the King's tastes, for it was at his special request that the baron of beef, carved with due pomp and ceremony, was included in the Guildhall Luncheon. Dom Carlos has just as many talents and accomplishments as the Kaiser has. He has exhibited pictures in the Paris Salon and has won a medal there; he is a sculptor, he has translated some of Shakspeare's plays into Portuguese, and has written at least one book on scientific subjects.

There is an idea in the Grand-Ducal circles in Russia that Great Britain will not fight under any circumstances. This lack of

when the raiders under Dr. Jameson swept down into the Transvaal, killed some quite innocent Boer farmers who objected to the invasion of their country, and were defeated and captured, I can have some idea of what the Russians feel regarding the punishment of their officers. It would be recounting quite modern history to write again what steps Mr. Chamberlain took, and what was the punishment which the British officers suffered. The Hull fishermen are simple folk, and, no doubt, have not thought of proffering a claim for "moral and intellectual damage," as the cunning old Transvaal President did, and I hope that the fine fellows will be compensated so far as money can compensate them for their loss; but it seems to me that, if the Czar says that he will act in accordance with the finding of the Commissioners, we are wrong to doubt his word.

We are promised that, before long, we shall be taken in a train across the Channel on a big ferry-boat. I have always wondered why the trains do not go across the Solent to the Isle of Wight, but the Channel is a very formidable obstacle. There is a great ferry which takes trains across from Denmark to Sweden which will show our inventors the pitfalls they have to avoid. The Danish ferry-boat moves a little in a rough sea, and some of the people in the railway-carriages suffer from sea-sickness in consequence. That this is very unpleasant can be easily understood, and the guards have orders to request any persons showing signs of sea-sickness to leave the carriages. I doubt whether the bold Briton would like to see his women-folk called upon to get down from a railway-carriage on to the deck of the ferry during a Channel blow.



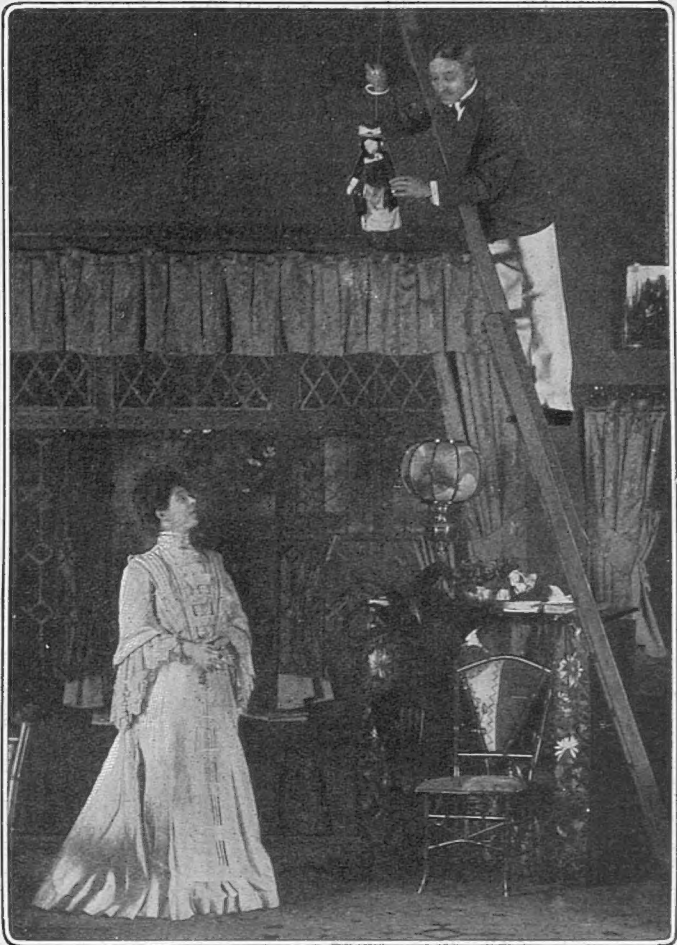
SCENES FROM "A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE," AT WYNDHAM'S



Mrs. Lovette (Miss Marie Illington). - Seymour Rippingill (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

ACT I.

RIPPINGILL: *You follow my theory? I evolved it in the middle of the night.*  
MRS. LOVETTE: *The Doll should respond—?*  
RIPPINGILL: *Even a kiss, the gentlest pressure of the hand, should produce a shiver.*



Mrs. Lovette. Seymour Rippingill.

ACT I.

RIPPINGILL: *Dora, the episode of yesterday was no exceptional proceeding. I've observed 'em from the garden; Webbmarsh's eyes are seldom, if ever, upon his book. He squanders the flying hours—hours which he owes to the cause of literature—in spooning.*



Mrs. Rippingill (Miss Lettice Fairfax). Seymour Rippingill. Mrs. Lovette. Mrs. Webbmarsh (Miss Dorothy Grimston). Haynes Webbmarsh (Mr. C. M. Lowne). John Pullinger (Mr. Henry Kemble).

ACT II.

RIPPINGILL: *Go on, Haynes! The twiddling movement! Haynes, twiddle!*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



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THE

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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING and Queen of Portugal have enjoyed one of the most brilliant series of festivities ever organised in honour of the visit of a reigning Sovereign and his Consort to these shores. They have been magnificently entertained both at Windsor and in London, and this in spite of the proverbial London fog, which somewhat marred the brilliance of last Thursday's civic function. Their Majesties are prolonging their stay in England in order to

pay a number of country-house visits, and their stay will terminate with a sojourn at Welbeck Abbey, where arrangements on a scale of unparalleled magnificence are being made to give them a welcome worthy of that famous ducal mansion.

## *The New Lord Belgrave.*

The young Duke and Duchess of Westminster received innumerable sincere congratulations on the birth of their son and heir. The new Lord Belgrave was born at Grosvenor House, which is quite as it should be, considering that he may live to see himself the wealthiest of London's ground-landlords. In the neighbourhood of Eaton Hall the news aroused extraordinary enthusiasm, and the bells of Chester Cathedral rang a merry peal in honour of the auspicious event. The house of Grosvenor holds a peculiar position in Society, owing to the marriage of the important baby's youthful great-aunt to the Duke of Teck, and doubtless Lord Belgrave will grow up to be one of the intimate younger friends of Prince Edward of Wales, his brothers, and his sister.

## *Some Comings-of-Age.*

This month has seen some interesting comings-of-age celebrated in the good old style. Lord and Lady Kimberley's eldest son, Lord Wodehouse, is very popular in the neighbourhood of both his father's Norfolk seats, and the tenantry presented him with a fine piece of plate, being, in their turn, lavishly entertained by Lord Kimberley and his family, which consists of three sons and a young daughter. Lord Gerard, the young Roman Catholic Peer whose sister married, not long ago, the immensely wealthy Baron de Forest, spent his twenty-first birthday at Garswood, in Lancashire. There are to be great festivities in honour of his coming-of-age at Eastwell Park in the early spring. Lord Gerard is one of the youngest Masters of Harriers in the kingdom. He is a keen sportsman and a fine horseman, having inherited his taste for sport and his love of horses from both his parents.

## *Sir William Nicholson.*

General Sir William Nicholson, who was sent out to observe the Russo-Japanese War from the Japanese side, is probably the cleverest officer belonging to the "Sappers," which is notoriously the "brainiest" corps in the Army. Lord Roberts picked him out in that famous march to Kandahar, and since then he has more than justified his old chief's judgment.

With Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir, in the Burmese and Tirah Campaigns, as Adjutant-General in India, on Lord Roberts's Staff in South Africa, and as Director of Military Intelligence at home—all through he has made a firm stand for efficiency, and has, in consequence, made plenty of enemies. He is a tall, well-set-up man, with a charming manner, and is a regular glutton for work, which can best be done, he believes, in the

small hours between four a.m. and breakfast. An excellent *raconteur*, he is, nevertheless, a singularly hard man to fathom. He does not care about sport, therein differing greatly from his wife, Lady Nicholson.

Lady Nicholson was a Miss Dillon, but she is really more French than Irish, and she is the happy owner of some exquisite old lace which once belonged to the Empress Josephine. Remarkably tall, her fair complexion brilliantly contrasts with her dark hair and eyes. When she was in India she was able to indulge to the full her love of sport, and this and her social gifts, both as hostess and as guest, made her universally popular. Everybody admired this brilliant lady, who proved herself a crack rifle-shot and a capital golfer, in addition to owning a nice string of horses which won many a trotting-match for her.

## *Mr. Roosevelt's Photograph.*

Just before the Election in America, the son of an American Consular official at Antwerp went over to America, for the first time in his life, although he is fourteen years of age. The boy searched all New York for a present for his father, but could find nothing that seemed to him worthy of the occasion. At last he hit upon the idea of getting the President's photograph, and so wrote to Mr. Roosevelt saying that he was an American citizen who was visiting his country for the first time, and asking for a signed photograph of the President. Two days later he received the portrait, accompanied by a letter from the Secretary saying how pleased Mr. Roosevelt was to comply with the request.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Taken by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.



**Lord Northbrook.** Another veteran statesman has been lost by the death of the Earl of Northbrook. He was only a year older than Sir William Harcourt, with whom he sat in Mr. Gladstone's second Cabinet, but he was in office sixteen years before him. Lord Northbrook was, indeed, one of the last links with Palmerston. He began his official career as a Lord of the Admiralty in 1857, and he closed it as First Lord in 1885. In the interval he had been in several other departments and had been Viceroy of India. As he resisted Home Rule, he separated from Mr. Gladstone in 1886. Lord Northbrook acted subsequently, as a rule, with the Duke of Devonshire, and he was among the Unionists who, in recent months, strongly opposed Tariff Reform. It was in administration and in council rather than in oratory that he was distinguished.

Viscount Baring, who succeeds his father as Earl of Northbrook, is married to the widow of Sir Robert Abercromby of Forglen, Aberdeenshire. He was formerly in the Grenadiers and sat in two Parliaments, but has not aspired to office. The Abercrombys are a very old Scottish family, and the first Baronet took a notable part as a Covenanter against Charles. The present Baronet is a minor. Viscount Baring has lived a good deal in the North at their principal seat, Forglen House. His own family-place is Stratton, in Hampshire.

**Lord Grey.** Lord Grey's appointment to be Governor-General of Canada has been very well received in the Dominion, and his term of office bids fair to be one of uneventful prosperity now that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government has had such a tremendous vote of confidence at the polls. Lord Grey's sister, curiously enough, is the wife of his predecessor, Lord Minto, and she has made herself extraordinarily popular in Canada. The new Viceroy, who will be fifty-three on the 28th of this month, is a fine, tall man, with a thoughtful, intelligent face. He is a man of ideals and generous enthusiasms, and he will be remembered in history as a great ally of Cecil Rhodes—indeed, as Administrator under the Chartered Company he watched over the early development of Rhodesia. It is not generally known that he is the second-cousin of Sir Edward Grey, and the two men are Imperialists, though in different political camps. Lord Grey is intimately associated with the inner circle of the Court. His father, General the Hon. Charles Grey, was a valued friend and servant of the late Queen, who stood godmother to Lord Grey's eldest sister, Lady Victoria Dawnay. His second sister, Lady Antrim, was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria, and holds the same office in Queen Alexandra's Household. Moreover, Lord Grey married Miss Alice Holford, sister of Captain Holford, the King's Equerry, the fortunate owner of Dorchester House.

### Alexeieff on the Japanese.

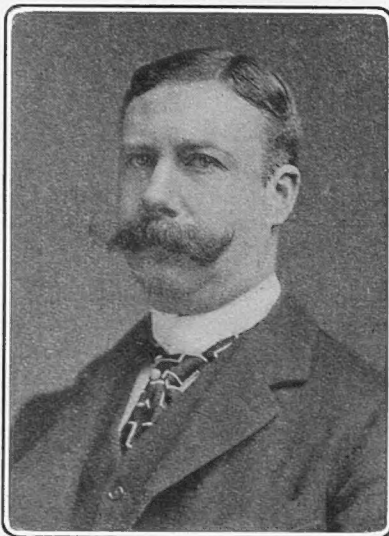
Certain of the expressions of opinion confided to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* by Admiral Alexeieff are likely to strike the intelligent onlooker as a little extraordinary. The ex-Viceroy, after expressing admiration of the Japanese as sailors, thinks that, had they been bolder, "they could have taken Port Arthur. If they had attacked Vladivostok they would have divided the Russian forces.

The magnificent resistance of Port Arthur now permits Russia to organise her forces by keeping so many of the enemy employed." He thinks, also, that the results obtained by his countrymen prove that the campaign has been well conducted by them, as at the outbreak of hostilities they were unprepared, had neither men nor guns, had not completed the fortification of Port Arthur, and were short of supplies, arms, ammunition, and provisions. The statement that there had been serious differences between General Kuropatkin and himself he stigmatised as lies and calumnies, and he denied that he had brought on the war or that he had issued the order to take the offensive at Mukden.

### A Scotch Church Leader.

There are United Free Churchmen who consider Dr. Rainy to be the greatest living Scotchman—greater even than Lord Rosebery or Mr. J. M. Barrie; far greater than the Prime Minister or the Archbishop of Canterbury, who are hopelessly Anglicised! The unhappy lawsuit, with its sensational result in the House of Lords, has made Dr. Rainy more prominent than ever. It was he who led the movement for the union of the Free Church with the United Presbyterian Church into "the United Free Church," and now that the small protesting minority, known as "the Wee-Frees," who won the action in the House of Lords, are insisting on obtaining what Lord James called "the spoils of war," the leadership of Dr. Rainy is being put to a tremendous test. Fortunately for him, the United Free Church stands by him—not only willingly, but confidently and proudly.

It has often been said of Dr. Rainy that he would have made a brilliant politician. He has a subtle as well as deep intellect, with the gift of leadership. His admirers describe him as an ecclesiastical statesman. The General Assembly of the Church—a real Church Parliament distinguished in debate—gives such a man a field in which to prove himself and use his talents. Dr. Rainy has an intellectual face, with noble forehead, meditative eyes, and mobile mouth. It is a speaking face—just as Cardinal Manning's was. Dr. Rainy, who will soon be in his eightieth year, became a minister more than half-a-century ago; he was appointed a Professor in 1862, and since 1874 has been Principal of the New College, Edinburgh.



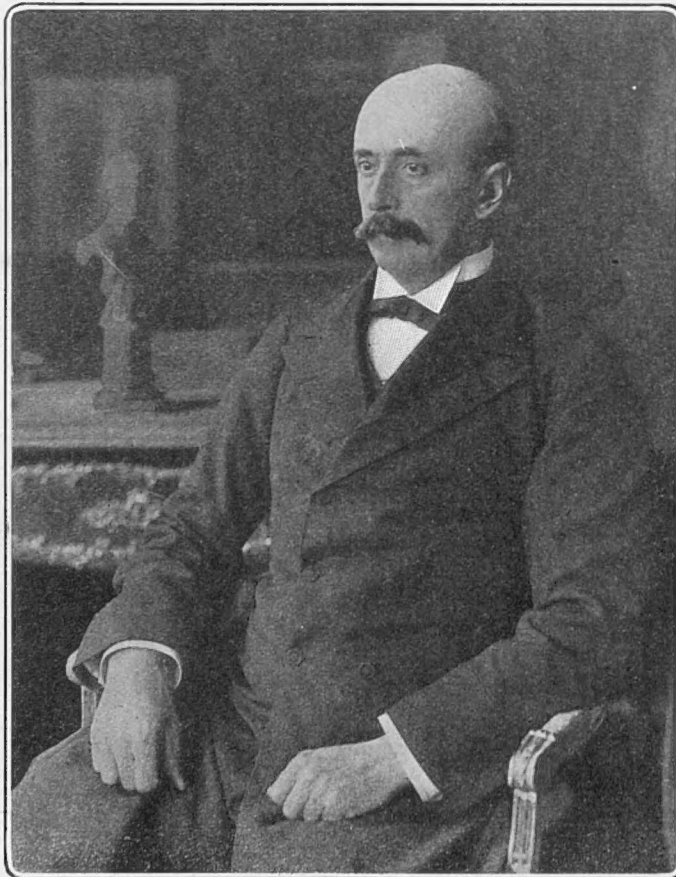
THE NEW EARL OF NORTHBROOK.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.



Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

COUNTESS GREY.



Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

EARL GREY.

THEIR MAJESTIES' REPRESENTATIVES IN CANADA: THE EARL HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO SUCCEED LORD MINTO AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL.



*The Grand Duke of Hesse.*

The engagement of the Grand Duke of Hesse to the Princess Dorothea of Solms Hohensolms-Lich will shortly be announced officially. The Grand Duke is the grandson of Queen Victoria and the brother-in-law of the Czar, and first married his cousin, the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. It will be remembered that, about three years ago, he was divorced from the Princess, for reasons which have never been made known, and since then he has been credited with two or three engagements. The Princess is the youngest of the five daughters of the late Prince Hermann of Solms Hohensolms-Lich, and is just twenty-one years of age. Her family is not royal, but belongs to the mediatised Princes of Germany.

*The Paris Embassy.*

Sir Francis Bertie, the new British Ambassador in Paris, is having the fine building in the Rue Saint-Honoré completely restored and re-decorated, and the work will probably not be finished before Christmas. The British Embassy is one of the most ancient of the great houses in Paris, and, what is very unusual in a Parisian hôtel, it has only changed hands twice during the hundred and eighty-four years that it has been built. The Duke of Charost, a descendant of Sully, erected it in 1720, and it remained in his family until Oct. 27, 1800, when the last of the Dukes of Charost died. It was bought in 1803 by Pauline Bonaparte, Princess Borghese, who in 1815 sold it to the English Government to be used as the Embassy.

General Linievitch is one of the very few officers in the Russian Army who have risen from the ranks to an important command. He was born in 1838, and on leaving school entered the Army as a private. He served all through the war in the Caucasus, and in the last Turkish war, when he was very badly wounded in the foot, with the result that he has been lame ever since. He was made a Colonel and a Chevalier of St. George, and soon afterwards was sent to the Far East, where he has remained, being responsible in 1895

separate the newly wedded couple. However, in due course Captain Brand came home, laden with military honours, to be welcomed by a baby son and heir whose birth had taken place while his father was fighting for Queen and country. The birth of Master Thomas Henry Brand has been followed by that of a little brother, David Francis. Lady Katharine is very clever and good-looking; as a girl, she recited and acted delightfully. Major Brand, as he now is, is in the 10th Hussars, and is a keen soldier. It is an interesting fact that Lady Katharine's brother, Lord George Scott, served in the same regiment when out in the war.

Dr. S. Stenson Hooker—whose name suggests America, but apparently bewrayeth its appearance, for its owner lives in this country — announces that the N-rays, for which Professor Blondlot of Paris vouches but of which Sir William Ramsay has doubts, differ in colour according to the temperament of the individual from whom they emanate. Thus, a passionate character is indicated by deep red, a good by pink, an ambitious by orange, while deep blue pertains to the deep thinker, yellow to lovers of art, light green to a progressive mind, and dark green to those physically or mentally ill. The colour scheme of our language evidently needs revision: "seeing red" will stand, but what is to become of "blue funk"? And who but the Moderates at election-time will agree that the progressive mind is fitly signified by green of any shade?

*Ham N'ghi's Marriage.*

A few days ago, the ex-Prince of Annam, who is interned by the French at Algiers, married a French lady, the daughter of one of the officials of the colony. As he is a political prisoner, the Prince had to ask the leave of the Minister for the Colonies before he could marry, and, in reply, the Minister asked the Prince for his certificate of birth. As they used not to trouble about these matters in Annam, the Prince had no such document in his possession, so it was necessary to write to Annam to find out if there was any mention of the Prince in the old official archives. Not a trace could be found, and so the Council of Ministers was reduced to stating on oath that, to the best of their knowledge and belief, the Prince Ham N'ghi was himself, and then the marriage was allowed to take place.



THE QUEEN OF ITALY AND THE BABY PRINCE OF PIEMONTE, HEIR TO THE THRONE.

Photograph by Abénicar, Rome.

for raising the first battalions of Siberian Sharpshooters who were the nucleus of the Siberian Army Corps. It was under his leadership that Manchuria was occupied by the Russians, and in 1900 he took part in the relief of the Legations at Peking. At the beginning of this year he acted as Commander-in-Chief until the arrival of General Kuropatkin, and he has now been given the command of the First Army of Manchuria. His admirers claim for him that, had he not been superseded, the Japanese would never have gained their victories.

*A December Wedding.*

One of the first and most interesting of December weddings will be that of Lady Violet Poulett and Mr. John R. Wingfield. The bride-elect is a sister of the young Earl on whose title so many determined assaults have been made. She is Lord Poulett's second sister, and has spent her girlhood at Hinton St. George, where she, her sister, and the young Peer, who has but lately come of age, are very popular. Mr. Wingfield is a cousin of Lord Powerscourt, and the marriage will bring together many well-known people.

*Lady Katharine Brand.*

Lady Katharine Brand was one of the last aristocratic brides married in Westminster Abbey during the eventful nineteenth century. The bride's splendid home, Montagu House, is within a stone's throw of our national Walhalla, and the Abbey has seldom seen a more charming scene than was this spring-wedding of 1899. The bridegroom was Lord Hampden's eldest son and heir, and his best man was Lord William Bentinck. Few of those gathered together on this occasion foresaw the coming conflict in South Africa, which was so soon to



LADY KATHARINE BRAND, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

MR. JOHN R. WINGFIELD.



[Photograph by Esme Collings, Bond Street, W.]

LADY VIOLET POULETT.

TO BE MARRIED ON DECEMBER 6.



*A Royal Invitation,  
and an Amusing  
Incident.*

In honouring Sir Frank Lascelles with an invitation to visit him at Sandringham towards the end of the month, the King is honouring one who deserves well of him: for has not Sir Frank represented His Majesty for some nine years in Berlin, by no means the least onerous post in the Diplomatic Service? The coming guest, by the way, has just been the central figure of an amusing and embarrassing incident. This occurred after the luncheon given by the Kaiser at Potsdam in honour of King Edward's birthday. Sir Frank was, of course, invited, and, to mark his friendship for this country's Sovereign, His Imperial Majesty gave orders that as His Excellency left for the station the band should play "God Save the King" until he was out of sight. That was well enough, but the unexpected happened. The Ambassador no sooner heard the National Anthem than he told his coachman to stop, and stood up in his carriage. Had not the Kaiser seen the humour of the situation and cancelled his instructions, Sir Frank might still be standing and the band still be playing.

*Lord Turnour.*

The new Member of Parliament for Horsham has yet to make his mark as a politician, but he has already three claims to attention. Not only is he the youngest member of the Lower House by some years—he is only just over twenty-one—but he has been returned whilst still an undergraduate, which must verge upon the unique, and is, without doubt, the most aristocratically connected Commoner. Amongst his relatives are numbered three Dukes, two Marquises, two Earls, a number of Barons, and Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Countesses to correspond.

*Lady Aileen  
Wyndham-Quin.*

The only daughter of Lord and Lady Dunraven has inherited her parents' good looks and remarkable mental abilities, while she is a really fine musician. Like the daughter of another noted Irish Peer, Lord Wolsley, she is equally interested in sport and in gardening. Her violet-farm at Adare Manor has been described as the loveliest sight in Ireland, as well, it need hardly be said, as the most fragrant. She is a keen golfer and has taken part in the competitions for the Irish Ladies' Championship, and quite recently she has become an enthusiastic motorist. Lord Dunraven and Lady Aileen have visited the most beautiful spots of the Emerald Isle on their car, for they are both devoted to their native land, and the kindly Peer is proud of the fact that his property is the only one in the South of Ireland on which no outrage has ever been committed. Lady Aileen had her youth clouded by two great sorrows—her elder sister, Lady Florence, died many years ago, but her second, Lady Rachel, the wife of the Knight of Glin, died more recently, shortly after her marriage.

*Mrs. Rupert  
Beckett.*

There are two Mrs. Becketts in Society, Mrs. Rupert and Mrs. Gervase, and they are both beautiful and clever, as two sisters-in-law rarely happen to be. Mrs. Rupert Beckett was, before her marriage to

Lord Grimthorpe's nephew, one of the "favoured Pagets," and she is related to the whole of that social clan of which the chief is Lord Anglesey. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Beckett have a delightful place close



MRS. LEVITA, A NIECE OF THE DUKE OF FIFE.

*Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.*

to Doncaster, and they often entertain parties of friends during the races. Mrs. Beckett has three little daughters who bid fair to inherit her charm and grace.

*A Pretty Young  
Hostess.*

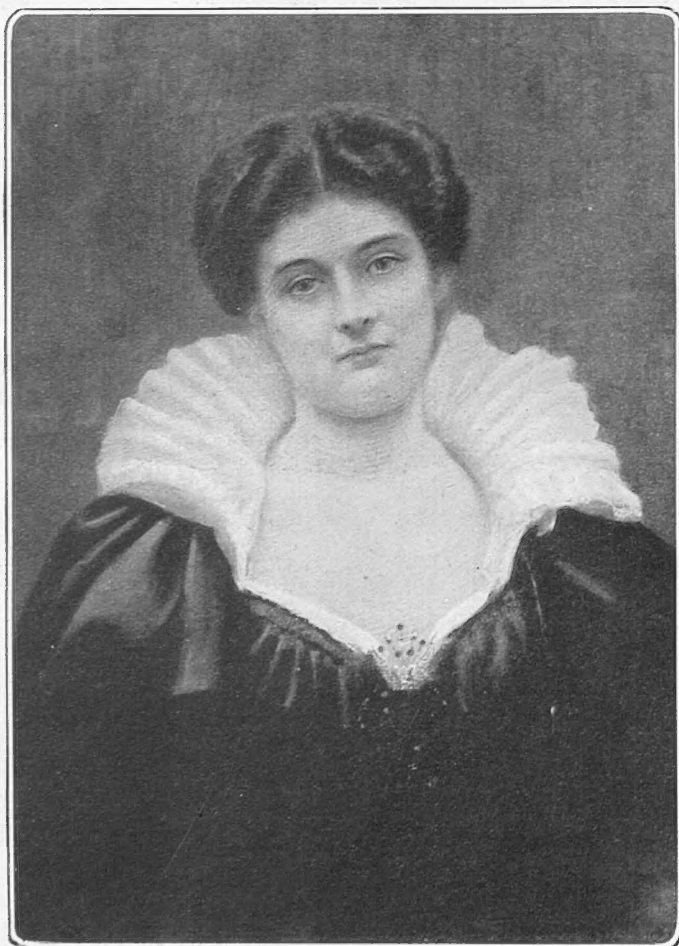
Mrs. Arthur Levita, who was the first of Sir Alfred Cooper's three daughters to marry, is a pleasant addition to the ranks of younger London hostesses, and, now that her popular husband has recovered from his recent illness, she will probably give many a smart entertainment in her pretty London house. Mrs. Levita is a niece, through her mother, of the Duke of Fife, and much of her girlhood was spent in the beautiful Scotch place which was left to her father by the late Duke of Hamilton. Mrs. Levita's style of beauty recalls that of her mother, Lady Agnes Cooper.

*Britain's Repre-  
sentative at the  
North Sea Inquiry.*

The central figure of the International Court of Inquiry into the North Sea outrage is now, in British eyes at all events, Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Anthony Beaumont, who is the chosen representative of this country. Few will cavil at the Government's decision, for Sir Lewis is a man of considerable experience, naval and semi-political, and may be entrusted to uphold the dignity of the nation of which he will be the mouthpiece. Entering the Navy some four-and-forty years ago, much fighting has not fallen to his lot, but the lack of active service has been fully atoned for in other directions. As Lieutenant, he was a member of the Arctic Expedition of 1875 and 1876, receiving promotion and the Fellowship of the Royal Geographical Society as rewards; as private secretary to the late Lord Northbrook, then First Lord of the Admiralty, he accompanied his chief during his mission to Egypt; later, he was, in turn, Commander of the Training Squadron, Director of Naval Intelligence, Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria, and Commander of the Australian Station. While acting in the latter capacity, it fell to him to attend the Prince and Princess of Wales, then, of course, Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, during the Australian section of their Colonial Tour, and it was, in part, this that brought him his "K.C.M.G." He is one of the now quite numerous well-known men married to Americans.

*The Czarina as  
Novelist.*

Rumour, having decided that the Czarina has considerable talent as a caricaturist, now credits her with having written a novel—for private circulation only. This, it is said, is entitled "Princess Tella's Model," and holds the militarism of the Russian up to scorn. The model of the title "is a young Russian peasant, who poses for the Princess and is forgotten for a season. When the Princess remembers, she finds he has been beaten to death in a Siberian prison." All of which is not easy of credence.



MRS. RUPERT BECKETT, DAUGHTER OF LORD BERKELEY PAGET.

*Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.*





## Small Talk on the Boulevards.

WHEN that greatest of humourists, Mark Twain, wrote of Gambetta's duel—the duel which he never fought and by which most Englishmen remember him the best—he mentioned that the statesman's chief preoccupation was to find a phrase by which he

should hook on, if I may use so very unparliamentary an expression, to history (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). "I die that France may live," was what Gambetta, after much thought, succeeded in evolving, and, though both Mark Twain's story and the phrase are farce, they have the grounds of observation in them which are the criterion of the truest humour.

### General André.

For every French politician of standing endeavours at one time or another in his career to evolve some such catch-phrase by which that shortest-memoried of cities, Paris, may remember him. M. Floquet will live on "Vive la Pologne, Monsieur!" long after his duel with General Boulanger and all his statesmanship have been forgotten; had M. Charles Dupuy not said "La Séance Continue," when a bomb fell into the panic-stricken Chamber, he would be forgotten now; and General André, who retired a trifle ignominiously from office last Tuesday, will always be remembered by his phrase (an unfortunate one under the circumstances), "Je m'en irai les pieds devant," which meant, in other words, that only death should part him from his Ministerial portfolio. The sober fact about General André is that he was too old for the difficult post of Minister of War, and that he lost his head a little when things became difficult. No man with all his manhood ripe in him could have allowed subordinates to introduce the system of spying into the private lives of officers which brought about General André's downfall, unless he were a mean-minded and dishonourable creature, and this the late War Minister was not. But he was weak, weak and querulous, and lost his temper and his presence of mind too easily.

### M. Berteaux.

M. Berteaux, the General's successor to the French War Office, is a bluff-mannered, hearty man whose friends are legion. He is the first stockbroker to hold office under the Third Republic, and the fact that he means to carry on his business on the Bourse while he remains at the Rue Saint-Dominique may prove a useful peg to his political adversaries.

By a coincidence, Tuesday and Wednesday, the days of General André's resignation and of his successor's installation, were also the days on which the new conscripts from all over France were sent to join their regiments for their three years' service with the Colours, and hope sprang high in the conscript's breast because of the change at the War Office, for M. Berteaux, the new Minister, is the chief support of the new scheme by which the term of service will, if the law be carried, be reduced to two instead of three years.

### The Conscripts.

They are a curious crowd, these boys of twenty and of twenty-one, in various stages of sobriety, as they throng on to the platforms of the railway-stations, and, under the fire of gentle and superior sarcasm from the young men in uniform who have already done a year or two, climb into the third-class cattle-pens which are to take them to the threshold of their lives

in barracks. The sons of wealthy men elbow the scourgings of the streets; all wear their shabbiest clothes, except those who do not possess a second suit; and the chief peculiarity about the whole of them is an entire absence of luggage. A young friend of my own was one of them. He came up from the country on the Tuesday morning, and left for Commercy, down by the eastern frontier, soon after noon on Wednesday. His luggage for the two days of his first visit to Paris consisted of a comb and an extremely aged tooth-brush, and before leaving Paris he asked me to keep his overcoat for him till he returned. "They will only

spoil it, and it is a new one," was his plea. I counted the valises—there was no larger luggage—of a whole train-load of conscripts who accompanied my friend, and they numbered exactly four. "Those four will have their lives teased out of them to-morrow," was the verdict of a private under arms upon the platform, and, appositely enough, he added, in a chuckle, "Vive la Liberté! Vive la République!"

### The Divine Cléo.

Cléo de Mérode exercises an extraordinary fascination over the French public, and her name is one of the few which is known to all those of her fellow countrymen and countrywomen who delight in the music-hall stage. Some years ago, "la divine Cléo" had to run the gauntlet of the American interviewer, but she emerged from the ordeal very cleverly. Fantastic tales are told of Cléo's vast wealth, of her superb jewels and priceless lace. As an actual fact, she dresses with an almost Puritanical simplicity and has revived the fashion of plainly banded hair.



A SNAPSHOT OF MDLLE. CLÉO DE MÉRODE, THE FAMOUS PARISIAN DANSEUSE.



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THAT redoubtable warrior, General Rumour, has scored some amazing victories since last I took pen in hand, and he has covered a lot of ground. He appeared suddenly in Moscow and killed General Gripenberg for the better part of a day. Hurrying to Manchuria, he proceeded to kill General Kuroki and appoint his successor. Then he turned south to Port Arthur, which has been his summer residence, and in the tick of a telegraphic instrument he had sacrificed whole regiments of Japs, taken several Russian forts by storm, destroyed some Japanese gunboats, and enabled half-a-dozen trading-vessels to run the blockade. With one and the same breath he made General Stoessel send an emissary to propose surrender, and ordered that gallant soldier to the last line of fortifications, there to await with heroic fortitude the issue of the final fight. Since then he has been driving Russian Reservists to revolt and arranging a Russo-German alliance. General Rumour is, of course, an old campaigner: he takes the field in every war, but he has never been more busily engaged than he is to-day. I wonder when the world's Press will put him on the retired list.

*The Old Guard.* I read that the Czar has ordered the mobilisation of some of his best soldiers—regiments of the Guards whom he himself might be expected to lead and upon whom he would rely in case of European war. This move, coupled with the raising of another fifty millions for the war-chest—or those officials who possess skeleton-keys—points to a very protracted war in the Far East. But, side by side with the news in my morning paper, I have been reading in one of the reviews an account of Russian Army discipline in Manchuria. The writer is a reliable correspondent who

has just come from Russian headquarters. He begins by finding fault with the obsolete fighting-methods of the Muscovite, and comments upon the failure of the Cossacks to do more than hold the railway-line. Then he goes on to point out that the military failures are of less account than the moral disaster that has overtaken the Army. The life of the rank-and-file of Russian officers is more fit for discussion in the pages of a review than in a popular paper, but it may be said that it is just about as immoral as life can be, that General Kuropatkin's Army is surrounded by camp-followers for whom clean Japanese shot and shell are too good. Unless Kuropatkin can brace the moral tone of the horde he directs, he must look in vain for victories. Russia cannot win battles by the help of a brave, stupid soldiery that is badly led.

*To Humanise Boys.* It is well known that a boy is a savage creature, wild, disorderly, and hard to discipline, a foe to law and duly constituted authority, a trouble to parents and guardians, full of animal spirits that cricket and football cannot quite subdue. Certain of his well-wishers are anxious to improve the boy, to subdue him, to introduce civilisation to him, and remove all the troubles and the temptations of the awkward age when he realises for the first time that all girls are not so ridiculous as his own younger sisters. According to a daily paper, the expert solution of the problem is to educate boys and girls together. It will lead, say some of the authorities, to greater emulation in class-time and in the playing-fields; the girls will take more kindly to the open air, and the boys will be keener about the high places of the class. After all, the idea is not new. There are a few mixed schools already in various parts of the country, and most of them are quite successful. Boys and girls are competitors in these days of lady doctors, lady secretaries, lady clerks, and lady athletes; the old distinctions are passing rapidly, and there seems no reason why the prejudices should not go with them. The idea is an excellent one, and I would give the greater part of all my worldly possessions to be a boy again, under the new dispensation.

*Mr. Long and Hodge.* I see that a deputation of landowners has waited upon Mr. Long to consider the hard case of the rural labourer who has no fit abiding-place, and on all sides I find my attention claimed by articles that show the way to build cottages for a hundred and fifty pounds. Writing as one who has no violent desire to build cottages, I find it is hard to maintain the high level of enthusiasm of the gentlemen who write or read the articles about the cheap variety; but I am glad to see that land in Great Britain is to be taken seriously at last, and not treated as something unfit for any nobler purpose than game-preserving. If the Government happens to be in earnest over the matter and has any intention of bringing the labourer back to the land, a good start might be made by the abolition of copyhold tenure. Under this holding, the man who inherits even a cottage must pay a fine to the Lord of the Manor before he enters into possession. Many an agricultural labourer cannot pay this form of succession duty, and I know parts of the country where copyhold cottages are lying derelict because the inheritor cannot pay and the Lord of the Manor cannot claim his forfeit until a stated time has elapsed.

*Exit the Detective.* I take up my morning paper with additional pleasure nowadays, for my eye is offended no longer by advertisements of detective agencies. I hope that the lessons taught by the recent trial will not be wasted, and that people will learn how dangerous it is to jump into the fire because the frying-pan is uncomfortably warm. If the lesson is lost, we may expect a new generation of detectives to arise and dominate the morning papers until some other scandal brings about their temporary extinction.



"BETWIXT TWO FIRES."

[DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.]

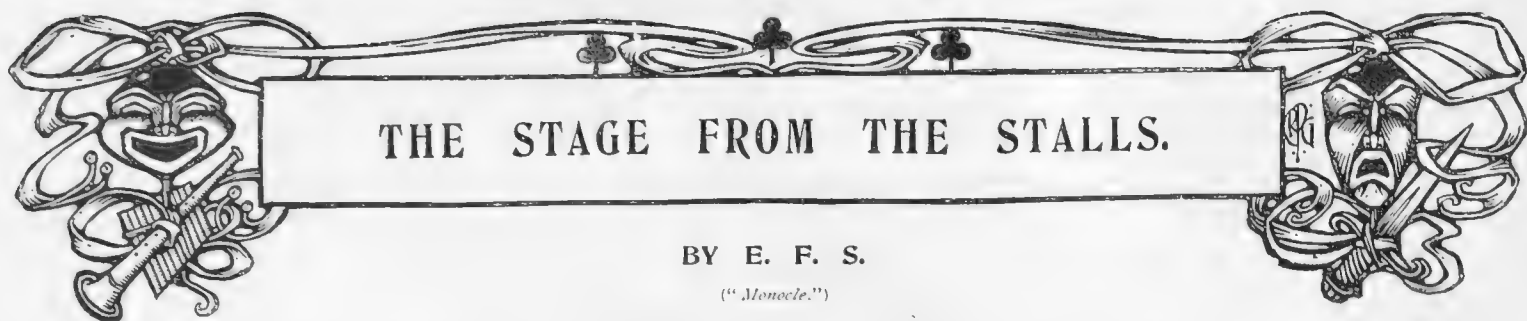


AT A COUNTRY HORSE-FAIR.



GIPSIES.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(*"Monocle."*)

"FOR CHURCH OR STAGE"—"THE FLUTE OF PAN"—"THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE"—  
"THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNE"—"AGLAVAINE AND SELYSETTE."

THE titles suggest a formidable collection to deal with in the space discreetly limited to me by the Editor. "For Church or Stage" (given at the Savoy) seems to ask a question to which the answer is "neither": the work does no credit to Church or to Stage. We had the common case of much fuss in advance and little discussion afterwards; we were promised something extraordinary and received a commonplace, stagey piece, clumsily written and constructed, and only entertaining because of some quite unintentional humours. It did not get better acting than it deserved, nor deserve better acting than it got. One is inclined to wonder whether in some of the notices upon "The Flute of Pan" there is not a trace of vicarious punishment, or some evidence that a feeling of irritation caused by the waste of time in the afternoon at the Savoy affected the temper of those at the Shaftesbury in the evening. No doubt, the new work does not show Mrs. Craigie or Miss Nethersole at her best, but, by exercising a little patience during some needless scenes that caused the play to drag (and can easily be cut, and probably will be removed), I found it easy to enjoy myself. Perhaps some of us were affected prejudicially by unwise preliminary announcements that the play was founded on fact, that the characters were real, and even had approved the dialogue. This sort of defiance of the maxim *qui s'excuse s'accuse* is rather irritating and predisposes the critic strongly to expect that a play will be improbable, and even suspect that it is. Putting this out of mind and forgetting the inessential episodes which overlengthened "The Flute of Pan," my recollection is of a fantastic story, worked out by cleverly drawn characters, aided by witty dialogue, and assisted by gorgeous and also beautiful stage-pictures, the preparation for which, on the first-night, took too much time.

It is a peculiar humour of the world that we are often blamed for our virtues and praised for our faults. The clever effort to render Margaret and Boris more than the customary lay-figures of romantic drama injured the reception of the play. In the other drama concerning a young Queen and her Consort now running, the chief characters are mere puppets cleverly handled and excellently acted. Mrs. Craigie and Miss Nethersole have tried to avoid the superficial. Margaret of Siguria is a complex, real woman in a strange position; an attempt is made to carry out Holmes's idea of three strata of conversation once employed ingeniously in a play by Mr. Zangwill. We had no warning; it was easy to ignore the attempt—indeed, difficult not to ignore it. Whether it is possible on the stage, without the aid of unpermissible soliloquies, to show that a woman's demeanour and phrases represent her mood and not her wishes, that there is a contest between her heart and her will causing an apparent inconsistency between her conduct and her acts, between her speech and actions, I cannot say; I think it may be asserted that Charles Lamb thought not. We had an interesting, not quite successful, attempt to accomplish what may be impossible, and few noticed that the attempt was being made. Miss Nethersole's endeavour to carry out the idea made her work, despite its altogether remarkable skill, seem somewhat puzzling and artificial. Studied carefully, it appears exceedingly clever and well worthy of close study. Mr. Herbert Waring, as the Consort, did not hamper himself by strife for subtleties, but gave a sound, strong performance. Miss Annie Hughes caused much laughter as a philandering young Countess. None of the other able people who thronged the stage and wore wonderful and sometimes lovely costumes accomplished anything noteworthy.

"The Knight of the Burning Pestle" was well if not quite brilliantly acted by the Mermaid Society, though the tax upon it was severe. Beaumont and Fletcher's burlesque upon romantic drama is very similar in idea and treatment to "Don Quixote," but lacks the

undernote of pathos which, rather than its humour, is the great merit of Cervantes' immortal work, and its obvious fault is that there is too much of an idea truly comic in itself but not offering large scope for variety. There is a great deal of repetition, and though at first the humours of the citizen's wife sitting on the stage, yet supposed to be one of the audience, were irresistible, and Ralph, the City 'prentice, strutting about with helmet, shield, chain-armour, squire and dwarf, seeking chivalric adventures, was very entertaining, the fun flagged a little after an hour or so. The acting of Mrs. Theodore Wright as the citizen's wife certainly was very rich in unforced humour, and Mr. Nigel Playfair played with a great deal of skill and energy as the 'prentice. There was clever work, too, by Mr. W. H. Kemble as a merry old fellow full of songs and jests, whilst able assistance was rendered by Mr. Maclean, Mr. King Fordham, and some others.



MR. LEWIS WALLER  
AS "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," IN WHICH PART HE APPEARED  
AT WINDSOR CASTLE LAST SATURDAY.  
Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

There is less "Gyp" than I hoped for in "The Freedom of Suzanne." The first Act, and the acknowledgment on the programme of a debt to the Comtesse de Martel, showed that we were to see something like a version of "Autour du Divorce" on the stage, and the play began so well that there seemed a real chance that the spirit of the affair and spirits of ourselves would be kept up to the very end. There was, however, something of a decrescendo. We are well accustomed to farcical comedies whose career resembles that of a rocket, but it may, at least, be said that the piece at the Criterion did not quite "fizzle out." What would have happened if Miss Marie Tempest had not been in the Company? Perhaps the question need not be answered. She was there—"all there," one may say—and gave a brilliant, delightful piece of acting. Indeed, she has so definitely established her position as an actress unique in a certain class of character that it is to be hoped she will soon have a chance of appearing in finer work than has been allotted to her, and that our greater dramatists will give us the double pleasure of seeing her in a good part and seeing a notable comedy aided by her remarkable gifts.

It must not be imagined that Mr. Lennox's work is dull. Suzanne's account of her adventures given in the first Act is truly comic, and none the worse for causing some of us to think of "François," a work which might very well serve as a vehicle for her, even if it is not quite certain she could play it in the Bartet *grande-dame* style. It is a pity that the English writer should cause Suzanne to descend to "vulgar abuse" in sparring with her mother-in-law; but perhaps this was in keeping with the atmosphere and the people, a collection of rich, "smart," curiously vulgar folk. By-the-bye, their manners were rather puzzling, for I fancy that, even in the "smartest" set, the family solicitor, although he may be Knight or Bart., is not on terms of almost hugging familiarity in public with pretty young clients to whom, apparently, he is not related. There is some excellent acting in the play, in addition to that of Miss Tempest. For instance, Mr. C. M. Hallard played skilfully the part of the philanderer who insults Suzanne, Mr. Aynesworth acted with tact as the impossible husband, and Miss Alice Mansfield was very funny in the character of an old charwoman.

There is not space enough left for me this week to deal properly with "Aglavaine and Selysette," third of the remarkable series of Court matinées. Mr. Sutro's translation of Maeterlinck's strange work sounds very well, though, despite his wishes, one is struck by the fact that the French word "baiser" is much prettier than "kiss," which, indeed, has a very ugly, hissing noise. I doubt whether in any play these words come so often. An admirable performance is given by Miss Edyth Olive, Miss Thyrsa Norman, and Mr. Walter Hampden.



A FAVOURITE OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE.



MISS OLIVE MORRELL, PLAYING IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*

## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

WEST SUSSEX may well pride itself on the beautiful stretch of country lying round and about Goodwood Racecourse. The district is also justly famed for its typical country mansions, which range from historic Arundel Castle to numberless snug homesteads of the brick and thatched-roof type.

West Dean Park, the splendid country home of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James, to which the visit of their Majesties lends an added interest, is, from the artistic point of view, a far finer and more imposing-looking mansion than even Goodwood House itself. The stately groups of buildings are entirely of snapped flint, and were erected under the personal direction of that Lord Selsey who flourished towards the end of the eighteenth century. It was he who devised the original internal arrangement of the house, including its principal feature, a long gallery terminating in a charming hall now full of sporting trophies brought together by the present owner of West Dean Park. It has been said that this splendid mansion—the front is three hundred feet long—recalls rather a foreign palace than an English country-house, for the State apartments all open out of one another in the Italian and French manner, while there is also a series of smaller living-rooms each of which has been delightfully arranged by Mrs. James.

Many alterations and modifications have been made to West Dean since it passed into the possession of its present owners, but they have wisely made no attempt to modify the arrangement of the State rooms, which are still much as they were in Lord Selsey's day. Thus the dining-room is a noble example of the Italian style of architecture, above the frieze being a series of unique sixteenth-century portraits brought from Milan a hundred years ago, while here also hang many Stuart portraits, some from the brush of Sir Peter Lely. The library, which comes next to the dining-room, is a delightful room, containing many rare first-editions of French classics. And the drawing-room, which is pure Louis Seize, has yet many signs of Mrs. James's

personages, for within the last few years West Dean has welcomed several Royal house-parties.

The first of these took place some time before the Accession, and it created quite a mild sensation in Society, for it was an extremely rare event for the then Princess of Wales to make a sojourn under the roof-tree of a commoner, however wealthy and distinguished. Mr. and Mrs. Willie James, doubtless, owed the signal honour to the fact that the charming young mistress of West Dean had been before her marriage Miss Evelyn Forbes of Newe, her parents being old friends and near neighbours of the King and Queen in Scotland. Since this first Royal visit the King has constantly stayed at West Dean, and Mr. and Mrs. James have been often the guests of their Majesties in the Sovereign's Norfolk home.

Mrs. Willie James is said to be one of the best conversationalists in Court Society, and she has seen far more of the world, in a wide

sense of the word, than most of her contemporaries. Soon after her marriage, she and Mr. James went to the West Indies and America, and, more recently, they were present at the Coronation of the Emperor of Russia. Of this unique experience Mrs. James has a priceless souvenir in the shape of the menu of the Coronation Banquet, which bears the signatures not only of the Czar and Czarina, but of all the most notable personages present at the function.

Mrs. Willie James is a fine amateur actress and also a first-rate stage-manager; accordingly, she is in great request whenever private theatricals are being organised for pleasure or for charitable purposes by the leading amateurs of the day. Unlike most amateurs, the mistress of West Dean Park is equally successful both in tragic and in comedy rôles; this was triumphantly shown on the occasion of a tour organised by herself and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur James, in aid of various county charities.

Needless to say, one of the rooms at West Dean has been cleverly adapted with a view to Mrs. Willie James's favourite hobby, and during



*Photograph by Russell and Sons.*



*Photograph by Alice Hughes.*

MR. AND MRS. WILLIE JAMES.



WEST DEAN PARK, CHICHESTER: THE MANSION FROM THE PARK.

*Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.*

individual taste and love of beauty, some specially fine pieces of old French furniture having been added to the apartment during the last few years.

In constant use is a quaint, old-fashioned sitting-room, which, though known as the boudoir, merits a more imposing designation, for it is a spacious apartment hung with a wonderful collection of French prints collected by Mr. Willie James's brother, the brilliant author of "The Wild Tribes of the Sudan," whose premature death placed so large a circle in mourning.

In the boudoir may also be seen signed photographs of some of Mrs. James's innumerable friends, including those of many Royal

the winter months she also generally organises a season of performances in the neighbouring town of Chichester, which is within a pleasant drive of Mr. James's estate.

Each season of the year brings a new charm to the place. At the present moment battues are taking place in the fine preserves and home coverts, for the owner of West Dean is a keen sportsman, and, before his marriage, went on many a big-game shooting expedition. During the winter come private theatricals and hunting, while in the summer the Sussex Fortnight brings a great gathering to hospitable West Dean, the distinguished house-party being almost always headed by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire,



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES

XLI.—WEST DEAN PARK, CHICHESTER, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIE JAMES.



THE LOUIS XVI. DRAWING-ROOM.



THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

*Photographs by Russell and Sons, Southsea.*

## THE WIZARD

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



"I 'VE heard tell," I remarked to Father William, "of a Wise Man who lived in Maychester. Can you tell me anything about him? They tell me you are the only one of his contemporaries left. What was his name? Wasn't it something like—?"

"Do ye don't name 'im!" cried the elder, jumping

out of his chair with a haste that was astonishing for a man of his years. "See them wands agen th' wall: I cut 'em from th' old 'azel-tree in th' grove f'r to keep 'im out o' me place, an' that's th' truth. An' it's some years 'e's been dead, an' do ye let 'im bide. Drat 'im!"

I would have dropped the matter then and there, but I had started a train of thought in the old man's brain, and, as his manner is, he pursued it, sometimes addressing and sometimes ignoring me, and turning an anxious eye now and again to the dried hazel-wands, as though in mute appeal for protection against the dead wizard.

"Lived in th' cottage askew the meddy what faces th' Wheatsheaf, 'e did," began Father William; "an' ye ain't never seed it, what ain't surprisin', f'r it were gone 'fore ye come down to these parts. An' 'e were old when I were young, an' when 'e died 'e must ha' been 'most five score.

"'E were wunnerful tall, an' 'mazin' thin," continued the veteran, "an' 'e cured 'orses, an' sheepses, an' cows, an' dogs, an' folk, too, if 'e thought 'e would. An' 'is room were full o' grasses an' plants, an' stunk wunnerful, to my thinkin'. Worse nor th' star-fish they puts on th' land f'r manure.

"I mind a night I were comin' 'ome that way fr' the Wheatsheaf. I'd took me sheepses t' Market Waldron, an' they'd made good prices, an' I'd taken me pipe an' me glass too, an' I'll not deny ut, bein' right-for'ard, an' allus was. An' ole man Martin, what's dead an' gone, th' fool, 'e said to me, 'William, do ye goo an' knock at th' Wise Man's door an' I'll gie ye a shillin', an', if so be ye dussn't, do ye gie me one.'

"An' I went off 'cross th' meddy very brave like, an' peeped in at th' winder, an' there 'e sat readin' a gre't ole black book, an' there were a gre't ole black dog in th' room by 'is foot, an' I 'eard it growl wunnerful. Lor', an' I 'eard 'mazin' sounds, an' I see wi' me very eyes—never mind what I see, for I dussn't tell ye, an' I don't rightly 'member. But I run back to th' Wheatsheaf all skeered like, an' I were 'mazin' sick an' ill, an' that same night six o' me best cabbages was stolen from me garden an' I caught a black cat in me trap. So that'll tell ye I'm tellin' ye th' truth."

Father William dozed again, and I sat silent, listening to the loud tick of the clock as it hurried our lives away. The hazel sentries seemed quite unmoved by the awful story, and the various stuffed trophies that decorate the wall preserved the stiffness imparted to them by the local taxidermist. From his frame on the mantelpiece, Father William's son, the police-sergeant, hero of many testimonials,

smiled hard but with dignity, as is his wont. I felt that even the spirit of the departed wizard could not face the sergeant's portrait. Michael Scott himself must have trembled before it.

Soon the old man coaxed the fire to burn more brightly and addressed the little flame.

"What a terror 'e were, to be sure," he went on, "an' 'ow 'e did pay them what 'e couldn't 'bide. Cursed Bob Tucker, 'e did, what stole 'is apples, an' Bob Tucker was kicked by a 'orse an' 'ad 'is leg andputated. Cursed Farmer Bates, 'e did, very cruel, an' two of 'is 'ayricks set themselves afire. Cursed Wilsher th' waterman, an' 'is boat, th' *Jolly Mary*, were stove in by th' Revenue cutter, an' it wouldn't pay no damages whatsomenever, 'cos it said Wilsher were drunk.

"An' I 'spect th' Wise Man 'ad witched 'is liquor, f'r Wilsher were most times drinkin' an' never drunk; leastways, 'e 'adn't never 'ad 'is boat stove in afore.

"Cursed th' carrier, an' 'e broke a shaft 'fore th' month was out. Cursed th' doctor, an' th' Squire's ole mother died what th' doctor used to 'tend every week. Cursed th' lads what threw stones at 'e an' killed 'is pigeons, an' that very summer they 'ad th' scarlet-fever cruel all o'er Maychester. There weren't no standin' up agen 'im."

"Did he ever curse you, Father William?" I asked.

"'E come very nigh ut," replied the veteran, his eyes fixed upon the hazel-wands. "I sold 'im wegebles fr' time to time, an' 'e ast f'r some late lettices one day, time I were on th' mush. An' me wife, she dussn't take 'em up 'fore she ast me, 'cos she know'd I set a gre't store by me late lettices, an' 'e muttered wunnerful, she told me, an' she were real fritted, cried an' laughed at th' same time, poor thing, an' 'most choked. So I went out to th' grove, though I was some tired, an' I cut what ye see afore ye, an' it saved me an' she. F'r 'is curses couldn't get through. It were as good as runnin' water, an' a Wise Man can't abide that."

"What became of the Wise Man in the end?" I asked him.

"That's th' 'mazin' part," whispered Father William. "I've told ye 'e were 'most five score, an' one day they 'found 'e sittin' in 'is chair right dead, wi' th' big black book in front of 'e. An' it looked like th' Bible, but it were in a furrin tongue, an' open at th' very last page, showin' that 'e were goin' to read it backwards, as all does what's sold themselves to th' Devil. But the worst's to come, an' I'll tell ye, so that ye mayn't doubt a man what allus tells ye th' truth."

He paused and stared very hard at me.

"They buried 'im Christian like, what they didn't never ought to ha' done, an' that same summer th' lightnin' strook 'is cottage very 'ard an' burnt th' thatch an' broke th' chimney. An' I doubt it were th' Devil sendin' for 'im, an' bein' aggravated f'r to find 'e were buried in th' churchyard, where 'e couldn't dig 'im out. So I 'spect 'e 'it th' cottage 'cos 'e were some vexed. An' nobody wouldn't live in that cottage no more, not f'r nothin' a year an' no taxes, an' very natural, an' at last it fell to pieces. An' now don't ye never ast me no more 'bout 'im, for I'll deny ye if so be ye do." I waited a moment quite patiently, and Father William continued—

"There was them what wanted to pay 'e—to tie 'is 'ands an' feet an' throw 'im in th' pond, but they didn't never dare do more nor talk of ut. An' it's true 'e were very good to some—cured 'em of rheumatiz, an' their sheepses o' foot-rot an' the cows o' castin'. But I count 'e didn't do no good wi' good intentions; 'e just did it in spite of 'isself. Couldn't 'elp it, I count."

"What did the Vicar think of the Wise Man?" I asked.

"I've told ye I'll say no more 'bout 'im," replied the veteran, sulkily, "an' don't ye come questionin' me, nor givin' me back-answers neither. Th' Vicar didn't know a Wise Man when 'e seed one, an' wouldn't do 'is dooty by th' parish. Said 'e were no worse nor an ole scholar what 'ad lost a bit o' 'is brain in a accident, an' that we weren't to take no notice an' not to worrit 'im like. An' when 'e died, th' Vicar buried 'im decent an' spoke a lot about 'im an' what 'e knew, an' said time was when all Lunnon were very proud of 'e. I weren't there, bein' wi' me sheepses on th' mush, but them what was told me. An' I count th' Vicar didn't know nothin' about it. 'Ow could 'e? 'E worshipped the Loord, same as me, an' th' Wise Man worshipped th' Devil. An', if I 'adn't put up they wands over me door, I'd never 'ave lived to gie ye good advice an' do me dooty by ye. An' I'm wexed ye spoke of 'e to me, f'r I count I'll not live long arter it. I count th' Devil couldn't send 'is servant past them wands, but ye've come instead, an' I'm very sorry for ut."



*Bygone Sportsmen. By Cecil Aldin.*



I.—“OLD JIM.”

## THE SHOOTING SEASON: SOME FAMOUS GUNS.

ALTHOUGH "the Glorious First," from the pheasant point of view, is the First of October, it is no longer the fashion to begin pheasant-shooting as early as it used to be, and only now are the great sporting-parties beginning to assemble all over the kingdom,

while the King entertains the more noted guns among his friends during December.

No form of sport has become more transformed during the last fifty years than has pheasant-shooting. There are still many old-fashioned sportsmen who prefer going out for a quiet day in the old-world way—that is, shooting over dogs; but fashion, which has so much to do with sport, has decreed that your famous shot should now never be offered anything less worthy of his attention than a great battue, and, as a consequence, quite a large section of our rural populations now live in comfort thanks to the popularity of what a sarcastic old Tory sportsman once nicknamed "pheasant holocausts."

On every great sporting-estate efforts quite scientific in their nature are made to ensure an abundance—indeed, an almost limitless supply—of pheasants, and those landowners whose keepers have not been successful in this matter can now always have recourse to the game-farms, from which thousands of strong, healthy young birds are

almost numberless charitable institutions which are only too glad to distribute such an unwonted luxury among their inmates.

The list of noted guns is a very long one, for nowadays scarce a Peer and scarce a country gentleman but is taught, when still a schoolboy, how to shoot straight. Both the King and the Prince of Wales are keen sportsmen, and before it became the fashion to rear pheasants in a scientific manner Sandringham was famed for the large number of birds hatched and reared there. At the present time, however, His Majesty cannot claim to be the first among the breeders; for pheasant-rearing is very much a question of money, and the happy millionaire, who has none of the responsibilities and duties of Royalty, can ensure a limitless supply of pheasants by simply spending a limitless amount of money.

But a millionaire cannot ensure the attendance of noted shots, and thus it often happens that a comparatively small number of guns invited by the King to take part in a Sandringham shoot will give a better account of themselves than do a larger group of guns elsewhere.

Of late years, the Prince of Wales has also shown himself a keen sportsman, and there seem to be few invitations which His Majesty and the Heir-Apparent accept with more alacrity than that to a really first-rate sporting house-party. It is well known that the King does not care to go out with a very large number of shooters, and a Sandringham "shoot" rarely includes more than ten guns. In the matter of his guests the Sovereign remains very faithful to certain old friends, and constantly included in a Royal shooting-party are Mr. Henry Chaplin, Count Mensdorff, Lord Howe, and Lord Carrington, while in many a sporting Sandringham group may be seen the stalwart figure of the Duke of Portland, a keen and enthusiastic shot.

As to the sporting hosts of the King and of the Prince of Wales, they are in one sense legion, and range from the Duke of Devonshire, who generally gathers together a Royal shooting-party early after the opening of the pheasant season, to all those Norfolk landowners who have had the honour of the Sovereign's personal acquaintance for the last forty years.

Last year, the King spent some days at Elveden Hall, which has been described as the most remarkable sporting-estate in the world, and which now belongs to Lord Iveagh. One season's "bag" at Elveden amounted to seventeen thousand head of game, and there the modern sportsman enjoys the acme of personal comfort, the coverts being connected by telephone and the guns conveyed to the spot where the battue takes place in motor-cars. The last Royal party there was held early this month, when the Prince of Wales was Lord Iveagh's guest.

A first-rate gun has more invitations than he can possibly accept during the early winter months of each year, and the names of such sportsmen as Lord de Grey, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Wilton, and Lord Stradbroke appear again and again in the list of guests invited to form part of a great sporting house-party.

Among elder sons, perhaps the most noted shot, if Lord de Grey be excepted, is Lord Willoughby de Eresby. He organises the huge shoots which annually take place at Drummond Castle and at Normanton Park, and, in a sense, he represents the shooting interest in the House of Commons.

Ireland, the land of sport, is generally fortunate, as regards the sporting amenities, in its Viceroy: Lord Dudley is an enthusiastic and good shot; Lord Cadogan has always preserved on a considerable scale, and will shortly entertain their Majesties at Culford Hall, Suffolk. A great deal of old-fashioned shooting over dogs takes place in Ireland, and that country has the honour of possessing among her sons one of the champion British shots, Sir Richard Musgrave, who must not be confounded with his namesake of Eden Hall.



SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE.

*Photograph by Foote, Waterford.*

turned out each season. It has been calculated that every bird shot in a battue has cost somebody at least half-a-crown, and, where the host is careless, wealthy, and good-natured, half-a-guinea a brace would probably be nearer the mark.

It has been estimated that half-a-million pheasants are now shot each year in the United Kingdom, and sometimes it becomes quite a difficult question as to how to dispose of the huge bags which follow a well-organised "shoot." There comes a moment, generally in December, when dealers will not give more than eighteen-pence or a couple of shillings a brace for the plumpest young birds, and many landowners, following the Sovereign's admirable example, give away the contents of their own and their guests' bags, partly to their poorer tenants, partly to the



LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*

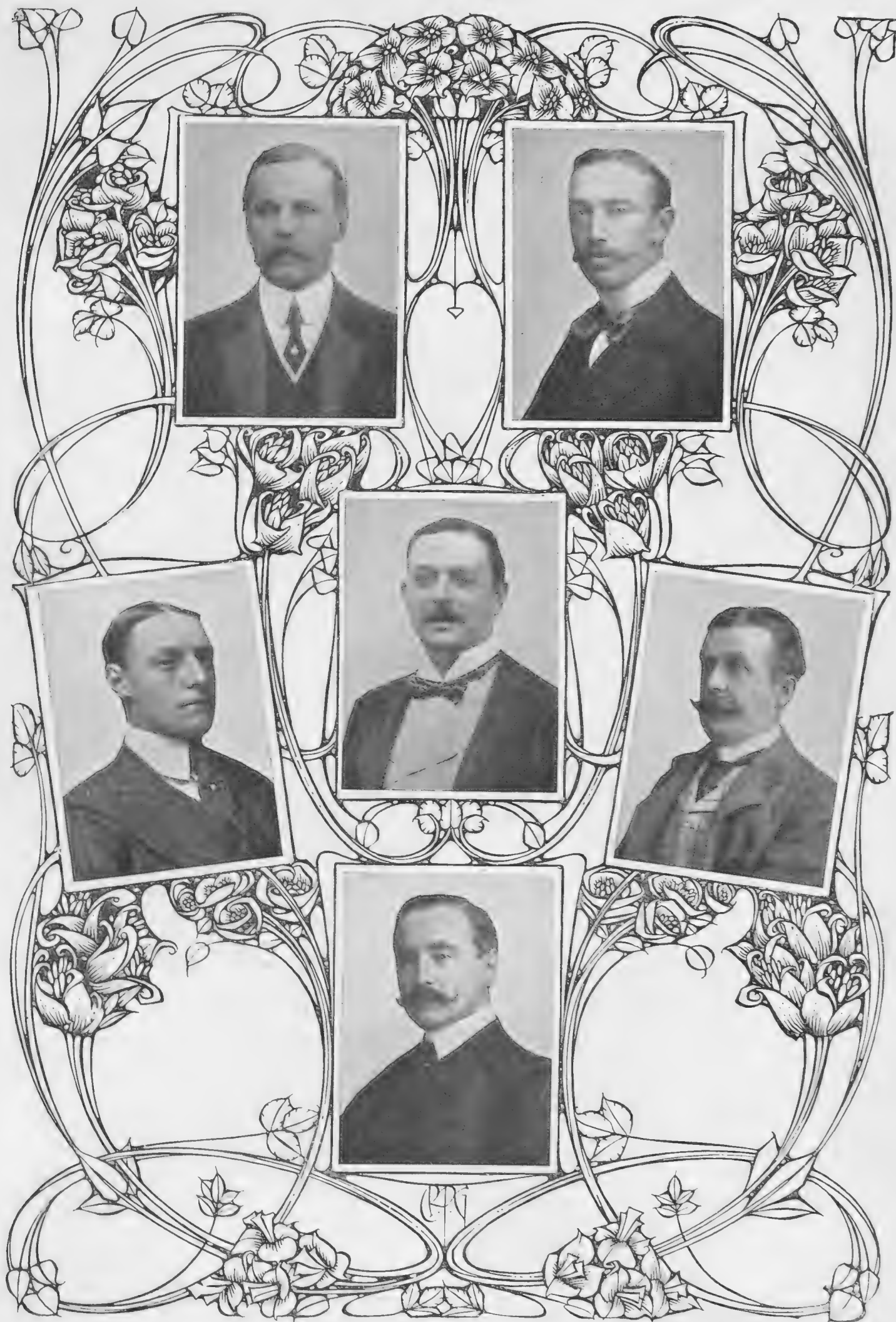


LORD STAVORDALE.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*



THE SHOOTING SEASON: SOME FAMOUS GUNS.



EARL HOWE.

*Photograph by Poole, Waterford.*

THE EARL OF WILTON.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

*Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

COUNT MENSDORFF.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

THE EARL OF STRADBROKE.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

EARL CARRINGTON.

*Photograph by Starling, High Wycombe.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE literary reminiscences of the late Laurence Hutton are being published in the *New York Critic*, and are well worth reading.

Mr. Hutton most reasonably complains of the demands made upon the purse and the time of moderately successful authors. "In my business days I was never asked to contribute a tub of butter to a Church Fair, or a box of cheese to a Fresh-Air Fund. Since my name has appeared now and then upon book-covers and at the bottom of magazine pages, I am frequently, much more frequently than my reputation would warrant, invited to write my name in the inside of the book, and to present both the book and the name to a bazaar for the benefit of a local charity of which I have never heard, and in which I can have no possible personal or local interest."

He refers to that strange task which is sometimes laid on the busy journalist—the writing of obituary notices of his own personal friends, before their deaths! This he found most trying and nerve-tearing

very good or very bad. We have much mediocre poetry, correct, and finished, but uninspired. It does not sell. Why should it? Mediocre novels, histories, essays will sell, but mediocre poetry never. It must be admitted, as Mr. John Lane said the other day, that the demand for books of poetry was never less active than it is to-day. The few real poets still left to us seem to disdain a popular appeal. I could select a volume of lyrics from the works of W. B. Yeats which thousands would buy, and read, and remember for ever. But the law of copyright and the will of Mr. Yeats are in my way.

We are to have several books about Tibet, one by Mr. Percival Landon, the *Times* Correspondent, another by Colonel Younghusband, and a third by Colonel Waddell, the maker of the first authentic map of the Forbidden City and its environments. We have also a cheap edition of Dr. Sven Hedin's *Adventures in Tibet*. Dr. Hedin has no sympathy with the Younghusband expedition or its objects.



AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

HOSTESS: *Why are you crying, my dear?*

LITTLE GUEST: *Boo-oh! I want my Mummy.*

work. "It is bad enough to talk of those we love in the past tense when the tense is past; but when one is forced to write of men still in the flesh, of men with whom, perhaps, one is still brought into daily intimate contact, the task is sometimes heart-breaking. Not a few tears have I shed, of a morning, over men with whom I have laughed the night before and with whom I hope to laugh for many years to come. They knew of the laughter, but they never heard of the tears—at the time." Hutton left behind him obituary notices of his friends Joseph Jefferson and Mark Twain. Both have survived him, and the articles are still in manuscript.

When the Poet Laureate writes an article entitled "The Growing Distaste for the Higher Forms of Poetry," he tempts journalists to unholy feelings and very cheap wit. I have, therefore, carefully abstained from reading his paper. But the reply by Mr. Bliss Carman, who is a poet of mark, is another thing. Briefly spoken, Mr. Carman's contention is that poetry will return with religion. As a calling, says Mr. Carman, religion is almost as poverty-stricken as poetry itself, and its ministers as little esteemed. But, as no sane and thoughtful man can believe for a moment that a great human trait like our need of religion has passed away, so faith in ideals will return and bring poetry back. It may be doubted whether the contention is valid. Much of our best poetry is in no true sense religious. Poetry to be popular must be

The *Athenaeum* expresses a very general feeling when it complains that the recent list of honours contains no name of interest to literature. "The mere existence of a large body of worthless writing which wins fame and fortune for its purveyors might suggest the advisability of dignifying the scanty rewards of men of worth in letters. We have, at any rate, two great novelists who ought to have been honoured long ago, though they are not active politicians. No country can live on commercial complacency alone, and we need a second Arminius to say so." This is well and wisely said, but that Mr. George Meredith should have received no honour from the State is the loss and the shame of the State.

While I am glad to hear that a brass tablet has been placed in the cloisters of Winchester College to the memory of the late Mr. Lionel Johnson, I hope there will be another and more permanent memorial in a collection of his admirable critical essays. Mr. Johnson was in many respects the most gifted critic of his day. I have heard Mr. Austin Dobson say that he never read any essay by Mr. Johnson on the eighteenth century without learning something. Mr. Johnson's book on Thomas Hardy, though good, is not up to the level of his best work. It was expected at the time of his death that Mr. Arthur Galton would prepare some record of Mr. Johnson's career, but I have seen no recent announcement of any such book. o. o.



## FOUR NEW BOOKS.

**"BACCARAT."**

By FRANK DANBY.  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
PARYS.  
(Heinemann, 6s.)

"The man who plays at being God, to a woman whom he still loves, not only with depth, but with passion, essays a rôle beyond human effort." This is "Frank Danby's" theme, and it is worked out with characteristic fearlessness and an artistic completeness which compel our admiration. John Courtney, an upright provincial lawyer of Southampton, had married a pretty young French girl, fresh from her convent, the portionless child of an old gambler whom he had befriended. Julie Courtney, though nearly thirty, is still pathetically ignorant of the world when her husband is obliged by business calls to leave her with her two children holiday-making at Dives-Cabourg. The tragedy is almost inevitable. A well-meant introduction or two, and behold the gambler's daughter, fascinated, feverish, sitting day and night at baccarat in the *cercle* of this second-rate French watering-place. M. Diderot, a Belgian, who is generally the banker, is very kind. He shows her how to play, and when she loses he lends her money. In France a married woman is supposed to look after herself; how could the onlookers tell that this charming young matron, with her two sturdy children, is really the most innocent of young girls? Even M. Diderot is surprised at his *bonne fortune*. Terrible is Julie's despair, but Courtney is true as steel. He follows the pair to Paris, where he has no difficulty in disposing of Diderot—a mere matter of two thousand francs. Julie has brain-fever, and forgiveness then seems easy to her husband, especially when there is a good deal of vagueness about what has to be forgiven. Here the story might perfectly well end, but "Frank Danby" is too good an artist to shirk the problem in its fulness, and so a child is born whose father can only be that horrible Belgian croupier. It would be unfair to reveal the plot any further. Courtney has to suffer much before he comes to his own again, and the ending is, in our opinion, too melodramatic. The story as a whole, however, is written with equal power and restraint; it goes down into the deep places of human emotion. Certain passages are amazingly frank—some straitlaced people would call them indecent—but it is with the natural frankness of Fielding rather than the sniggering suggestiveness of Sterne. The colour illustrations of Parys are admirably done.

**"THE BLUE MOON."**

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.  
(John Murray, 6s.)

Among the men whose work may always be relied upon for beauty of thought and delicacy of expression, Mr. Laurence Housman takes a high place, and his admirers will be more than ever in his debt when they have read the charming book of fairy-tales called "The Blue Moon." It is not easy to write really beautiful tales nowadays. The spirit of the age is too alert, vigorous, and practical to encourage such work. There is hardly any room in Great Britain for fairies; their haunts have been cut up into building-plots and are being sold on the instalment system. Consequently, people deeply immersed in the struggle for life have no wish to listen attentively to the singer whose song is so fanciful, so unworldly. And yet, though the man in the street passes the author by, it may be remarked that the stories were not written for him, and his neglect does not matter. Mr. Housman's appeal is made to the grown-up children who, even while the halfpenny Press rages and popular magazines imagine vain things, can remember the days when they were thrilled to the heart by Hans Christian Andersen and the brothers Grimm. Some part of the mantle of these old Masters has fallen upon Mr. Housman; he recalls for us the "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn." Delicate fancy and an artist's choice of words make every story pleasing: poet, painter, and literary man seem to work in unison to present each tale in the most attractive form. Such a book must find an audience—not a very large one, perhaps, but one that will respond to the work in manner that the average reader of sensational fiction cannot understand. The people who are capable of appreciating Mr. Housman's book at its true value will not read and throw it aside. They will find for it a corner on their book-shelves, and, in the hours when they desire to awaken to a sense of the beauty that may not be seen around them, they will take the volume down again. And it will not fail to please.

**"ATOMS OF EMPIRE."**

By CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.  
(Macmillan, 6s.)

Now that the redoubtable Captain Kettle has ended his truculent career by retiring into private life to devote his inexhaustible energy to Methodism and the enjoyment of a K.C.B., and that the "dissolute mechanic" McTodd has had his say, their exploiter, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, has given up one-figure fiction for the nonce, and has allowed his undoubted power of characterisation fuller scope—his imagination

His latest sixteen stories present no outstanding, no central figure, but, despite this—some, remembering that Kettle was in danger of wearing his welcome to shreds, will argue because of it—there is not one of which one would willingly forego the reading. To pick out a few for special praise is by no means easy, so much depends, and must always depend, upon individual taste, but attention may be drawn to at least half-a-dozen, "The Bait," "The Cholera Ship," "The Lizard," "Shot," "The Renegade," and "The Fire." The first of these and the fifth are somewhat in the Kipling manner, the one showing how a "missionary-thing," by appearing to get murdered by the King of Katti, gave excuse for His Excellency the Governor to earn his coveted K.C.M.G. by the despatch of a successful punitive expedition, the other detailing the adventure of an erstwhile British officer, turned slave-dealer, who crushed a Belgian force advancing out of the Congo and thus gave valuable help to his country, but paid for his past with his life, taken at that country's hands. The scope of "The Cholera Ship" is sufficiently indicated by its title. "Shot" tells of the trial of Macon County, who helped run a blockade still, was judged a traitor for giving up his partner to the Revenue, was sentenced to be hung, and then given the more honourable death by shot when it was found that his act had been done to save the wife of the betrayed man from further brutality—"Then I'll make ye a bouncing widow," says Macon County. At that she gets on her knees and prays him, and prays till he'd promised not to take Block's life with his own fingers in any fashion . . . so he set about getting Block planted in the only way he could without breaking his vow." "The Lizard" and "The Fire," to say nothing of "The Mummy of Thompson-Pratt," are somewhat in the manner of H. G. Wells. It must not be inferred, however, that the author is too deeply, or in any way illegitimately, indebted to his fellows: "Atoms of Empire" are all Cutcliffe Hyne, and in most cases Cutcliffe Hyne at his best.

**"THE CAREER OF HAROLD ENSLEIGH."**

By WALTER B. HARRIS.  
(Blackwood, 6s.)

Mr. Walter Harris has given us an interesting novel in "The Career of Harold Ensleigh." To a certain extent, it is old-fashioned, but the particular fashion has a pleasant flavour. Harold Ensleigh is quite a lad when we meet him for the first time, but through the books he has chosen for companions he has "heard the East a-calling," and the alluring voices have taken away all desire to settle down to the humdrum life of a country Squire who has no greater ambition in life than the proper administration of the ancestral acres. Because he is a dreamer and an idler who gives an attentive eye to every scene that Nature spreads before him, his house-master at Harrow takes a special interest in Harold's career, and persuades Mrs. Ensleigh to allow her son to travel. So the boy goes out to Somaliland and sees the desert and some of the legion of the lost that works on the outskirts of Empire and shames our vaunted civilisation. After some adventures, he returns home, sadder and more wise, to marry a very charming young lady and rule contentedly over the village he was born in. For the working-out of the story and the interesting character-sketches it offers, the reader may be referred to the book itself. He will find English country-life portrayed with the deep feeling of appreciation that comes with exile, even when voluntary; while, so far as the East is concerned, is not Mr. Harris a daring and adventurous traveller who has been through the Yemen and travelled overland from Batoum to Baghdad, and visited the far oases of Tafilat and the mysterious city of Shefshawan? Harold Ensleigh is quite an interesting person; we are sorry that he surrendered so soon to the charms of matrimony.



MRS. FRANKAU ("FRANK DANBY"), AUTHOR  
OF "BACCARAT."

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

## The Humourist on Tour.



ACTOR (writing in landlady's book): Mr. and Mrs. Nye-Broke can, with much pleasure, recommend Mrs. Shark. During their stay of one week she has given them all the comforts of home.

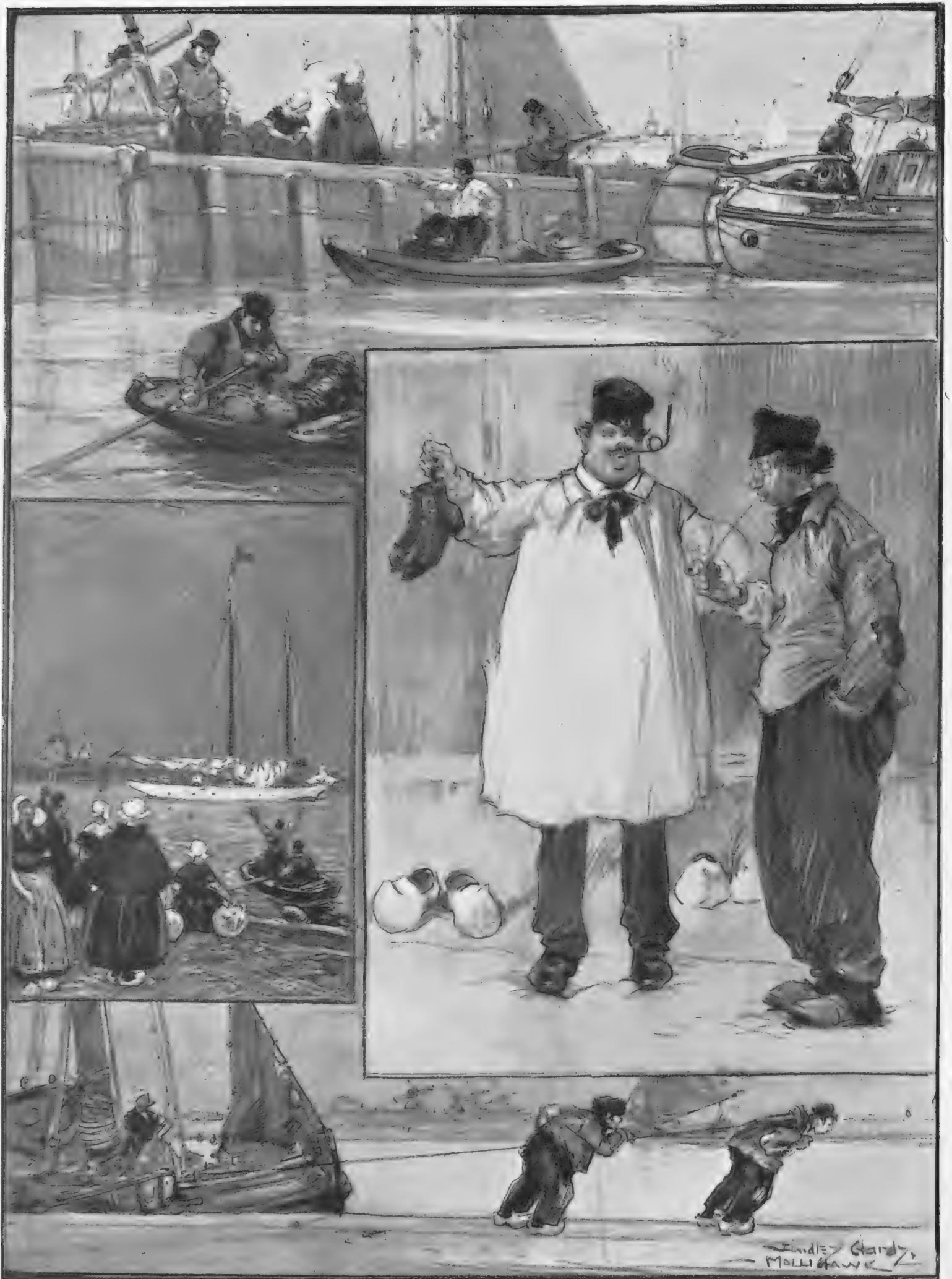
DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.



*Dahn our Alley. Drawn by Frank Chesworth.*



## AN AUTUMN CRUISE IN HOLLAND.



SKETCHED BY DUDLEY HARDY FROM THE YACHT "MOLLIAWKE."



A NOVEL  
IN  
A NUTSHELL.

MAMMA, IRENE, AND  
MYSELF.

By BEATRIX M. DE BURGH.



"YOU quite understand me, Violet?" and Mamma, under pretence of giving me a last kiss, bent into the carriage window, and, with a perfunctory peck at my cheek, pressed a slip of paper into my unwilling fingers. The Body Guard stood at a little distance and watched admiringly. She had only brought three of them to the station, and when they had seen me off they were going on to a Bond Street Picture Exhibition, and then whichever of them proved lucky would take Mamma to lunch.

Meantime, they stood and gazed adoringly at her slim, elegant figure, her beautifully touched-up hair, and her faultless "get-up." Any one of them would have married her to-morrow, and any one of them was about my own age; but, unfortunately, not one of them was quite rich enough to persuade Mamma to take the plunge for a second time. It might have been otherwise if her income had not come to me, as the only unmarried daughter, should she marry again.

"I expect you to do your duty, as Irene has done," she added, drawing back with the faintest rustle of silk—Mamma knows far too much to let her garments rustle aggressively.

My cheeks grew hot and my eyes glittered with suppressed anger, but Mamma only darted a slight glance of annoyance at Bobby Hartland, who, with fatal distinctness, had whispered—

"By Jove, the little one is growing quite pretty! She is, by Jove!"

She smiled at him a moment later, but I knew with tolerable certainty that Bobby would *not* have the luck to "lunch" Mamma that day.

As the train crawled slowly out of the station, gathering speed as it went, I caught a final glimpse of Mamma waving her delicately gloved hand, with a honeyed smile, while the Body Guard closed in eagerly and bore her off.

My anger was so keen that for a time I never even glanced at the written message she had given me. At last I examined it; it was only a list of four names, but one of those names was to be my fate, as ordered by Mamma. We had called her "Mamma" all our lives—"Mother," the sweeter word, seemed so utterly unsuited to her.

"I expect you to do your duty, as Irene has done."

"My duty" was to marry one of the four names she had given me, and the owners of the names were all included in my sister's house-party, which I was on my way to join. I had got so used to the thought of doing "my duty" on the lines laid down by Mamma that, in all probability, I *should* have done it quite as a matter of course if Basil Treherne had not crossed my path. Basil was an ineligible younger son waiting for a diplomatic post which never fell vacant—in every way the very reverse of "duty," from Mamma's point of view. Hence my hasty visit to Irene, who was supposed to be hardened in the paths of virtue by her marriage with Mark Cleveland, the millionaire ironmaster and inventor.

I had a dim recollection of Irene standing in a secluded corner of the conservatory, looking up at handsome Major Dene with eyes very different from those she had fixed on Mark Cleveland when their engagement was announced. There was, too, an unforgettable scene in Mamma's boudoir, from which Irene had emerged with set lips and a white face.

I had not thought of it at the time, for I was not really "out," but when Basil spoke of his love I looked back with a new understanding, and wondered, with a heartache, how the past year and a half had gone with Irene.

With a sudden shock, I remembered that Major Dene's was one of

the names on my list—Major Sir William Dene he was now, by reason of an unexpected stroke of fortune, and one of the richest men in England; a member of Irene's house-party, too. I wondered who had invited him. She and Mark had spent a year in travel—his work carried him nearly all over the world—and this was only the second time they had entertained in their country-house and the first time I had visited them. I had only had fleeting glimpses of Irene during the Season.

She met me at the station, looking as lovely as ever; but I hadn't been with her five minutes before I saw something was wrong, and my heart sank. I had welcomed the thought of visiting her, for an unspoken hope dwelt in my mind—a hope that she would be good to Basil and me.

She drove me home in a high dogcart, showing me the points of interest in the beautiful domain her husband had bought, talking and laughing, speaking of him casually as a happy wife might; but all the time I was conscious of something odd about her. She told me proudly of this and that improvement Mark had made, of this and that invention he had added to the world's wonder-workers; and all the time her eyes roved restlessly from side to side of the road, and once, when a tall, tweed-clad figure stood out for a moment on the top of the moor, her look became so intent and her hands closed so nervously on the reins that she nearly landed us in the ditch by the roadside. She came back to herself, with a laugh, at the groom's exclamation of alarm.

"How silly of me! Nearly did it that time! Well, little sister, I suppose you've heaps of things to tell me? As bad as that?" she added, half quizzically, half sadly, as the colour flamed up into my cheeks. "Well, we must have a confidential chat by-and-by."

But our chat was long delayed, and all the time she moved and looked in that odd manner. I decided, at last, she was listening for someone. I noticed it as she gave me tea in the great hall. The men were coming back from shooting, and as they approached she grew suddenly still. I found myself listening and watching, too, and when Sir William Dene came in my eyes went to her face with a great fear, for I had quite come to the conclusion that it was for him she was watching. However, a slight, impatient movement was the only sign she made; then she was listening again, more intently than before. She was a popular hostess, for men crowded round her, chattering and laughing.

"Mark was out with you, then?" I heard her ask.

"No, a new invention claimed him."

"I—I fancied I saw him on the top of the moor as we drove down."

So it was her fancied recognition of her husband's figure that had nearly given us a spill. I wondered inwardly.

"No, our society was powerless against the fascinations of Science. If I were Mrs. Cleveland, I should be jealous."

It was Sir William Dene who spoke, and I fancied I read something significant in his words and look. Irene never lifted her eyes as she answered him—

"Jealous of wheels and pistons, of screws and bolts? You expect me to be too modest, Sir William."

Her manner and words constituted a snub, and he seemed to feel it. He crossed to my chair, and, after a few casual words, remarked abruptly, "You have grown very like your sister."

Mamma's diplomacy at once became evident to me. Many people had remarked the same thing. She had placed Sir William on my duty list because my resemblance to Irene might prove an attraction to him. I squirmed inwardly and answered shortly—

"You flatter me."

Just at the moment Mark came in, and a beautiful wave of colour suddenly flooded Irene's face and as quickly died down again. In an instant I knew the truth. Irene was in love with her husband. Sir William saw it, too. I knew that by his face as Mark bent over his wife and took his tea from her hands. Suddenly I felt cheerful and light-hearted. I was glad things had gone well with Irene. No doubt of her happiness entered my head all that first evening. I was burning to confide in her, to ask her advice, but not one word did I get with her. Next day, however, I experienced a growing doubt. I saw Mark and Irene alone together. They were in the corridor outside the door leading to the rooms he had fitted for experiments. She lingered by the archway, and he paused, with his hand on the door, to answer her. All the devoted husband in his manner had vanished.

"You—you don't care to come with us, then?"

He looked at her coldly, and answered, in an indifferent voice—

"Unless you think it necessary, no. Of course, I am quite at your disposal."

Irene answered, in a cold, careless voice—

"No, oh no, there is no necessity," turning as she spoke and walking away, with her head up, humming a waltz someone had been playing the night before. Something in the expression of her face made me dodge into a doorway until she had gone. Mark stood watching her out of sight; then suddenly he bent his head and stood leaning against the doorway, and I could have sworn he sobbed. The sound was too much for me. I slipped up to him and laid my hand on his arm—we had always been friends.

"Don't," I whispered; "please don't!"

He turned sharply, and I saw his eyes were dry—the trouble in them was too deep for tears.

"What is it? What is wrong between you? I thought you were—so happy."

For a moment he looked at me in anger; then his face softened, and he smiled.

"So we are happy. The world looks upon us as a model couple." His eyes became troubled again.

"How like her you are!" he muttered.

"So Major Dene says." The words slipped out thoughtlessly.

An expression that made his face look like an iron mask chased the smile away, and he gripped my arm suddenly. "Little girl, never do any man the wrong of marrying him without love. It is the bitterest injury you could do him." And, with that, he passed through the door and shut it in my face.

I found Irene in her room when at last I plucked up courage to seek her. She had a letter in her hand, and she stood, with one foot on the fender, looking into the fire.

"I wanted to see you, Violet. I have a letter from Mamma."

"Oh, what has she told you?"

"A good deal, but I want to hear you tell your own story." And I told it, breathlessly, in a torrent of words—Basil's love and mine, Mamma's designs for me, even to the list of eligible husbands she had given me.

"Major Dene!" I have seldom seen Irene so moved as she was at the mention of that name. "How could she! How could she! Why, that man has——" She broke off abruptly.

"But you—you used to like him?" I ventured, timidly.

"I hate him!" No violence, no outburst of rage, could have carried such conviction of the truth of her words as the dead, cold level of her voice.

"So does Mark," slipped from me.

"What do you know of Mark?" Her anger frightened me, but I took my courage in both hands and answered—

"I know he loves you"—she laughed a low, bitter laugh—"and I know you love him!"

The laugh died as she turned to me, swift as a lightning's flash. She was frightened of me now.

"I—do—what?"

"You love him!" I answered, boldly.

"How do you know?" And I told her.

"You clever, small thing!" She drew me to her. "So you found all that out for yourself? It is true," and she turned from me, sighing heavily.

"And Mark loves you," I persisted again. She shook her head.

"He did; but—I killed his love——," in a low voice.

"Irene!"

"——on our wedding night. I told him I hated him, that Mamma had driven me into marrying him, and that I loved—another man."

I clasped my hands. "Irene! Major Dene?"

"Yes—I even told him the name. Ever since——"

"Yes?"

"——he has been the most devoted husband in public, an icicle in private, and—I love him."

"So does he you." She shook her head hopelessly.

"I wish I could think so. No. Violet, I am an unhappy woman. I have spoilt my own life, as you shall not spoil yours if I can help it. You are sure you love this man?"

I managed to convince her of the fact at last, and she laid her hand tenderly on mine.

"You shall marry him. How dare she think I would further her iniquitous schemes!" and Irene stood up and rang the bell.

"Ask Mr. Cleveland to come to me," she said to the maid who answered.

"But Irene——!" She held up her hand to silence me.

"He will be our best helper. He is powerful; his influence can make your Basil."

She spoke with a kind of sad pride and said no more until Mark came.

It seemed a long silence, and yet he must have obeyed her instantly, for he made his appearance in the rough velveteen coat he wore at work. He looked round her room with the eyes of one unfamiliar with it and did not take a seat until she offered him one.

She gave him Mamma's letter to read, and I saw his lips settle into a hard line as he glanced over it. Then she told him my story.

"We must help her, Mark." He lifted his head quickly when she said "we." "She must not spoil the child's life as—as——" (she had almost said "my life," but stopped in time) "——as so many other girls' lives have been spoilt."

"No," he agreed, in a steady voice. "I will make inquiries, and, if they should prove satisfactory, I think I can promise that Mr. Treherne's future will soon look a little brighter."

"Thank you, Mark."

He was staring at the fire, so did not see the tenderness in her eyes. "Your mother seems to have a talent for marring people's lives," he remarked, bitterly; and suddenly I saw that, in pleading my cause, Irene had deepened his sense of injury—had confirmed his belief in the fact that she was still chafing against the chains which bound her to him. Without stopping to think, I plunged into the breach.

"Well, she did a good thing when she made Irene marry you."

Irene caught her breath, and Mark turned abruptly to the dim corner in which I had taken refuge.

"You think so?" The words were grim in their curtness.

"Yes," I hurried on, my courage oozing away every second. "Otherwise, she would have married that horrid Major Dene, and been unhappy. Now she has grown to love you so much—you——"

"Violet!" Irene gave a smothered cry and started for the door, but Mark was between her and it in a breath.

"What does this mean?" His voice was the expression of surprise incarnate. "You love Dene—you know you do!"

"I have hated him for a year."

"But you asked him here. Why?"

"The first time, because I thought my manner to him would show you I had changed. The second—because——"

"Because——?"

"Because I was desperate and wanted to make you jealous. Oh, it was a fool's trick!" Defiantly, "There is no jealousy where love is dead."

"Dead?" Mark echoed the word stupidly.

"She—she thinks you don't love her," I prompted, doubtfully, from my corner, not at all sure it would not be wiser to hold my tongue.

"Irene! You never did; you never could think that!"

Irene caught her breath, with a sound half sob, half laugh.

"Yes—I—*did*; but—now——"

In a second his arms were round her, and—well, then I crept away. Irene has a lovely white gown on to-night; several people have told her she looks like a bride. She blushed even more than I did when she told them about Basil, and Basil's coming to-morrow; they've wired for him.

What *will* Mamma and the Body Guard say?

THE END.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE date of the wedding of Miss Lily Hanbury with Mr. Herbert Guedalla has already been fixed for Thursday, Jan. 12. As both the bride and bridegroom are members of the Jewish community, the ceremony will take place at the Central Synagogue in Great Portland Street. Miss Hanbury's popularity as an actress will unquestionably attract a great concourse of spectators if the building is thrown open to the general public on the occasion.

The members of Mr. George Edwardes's Company who have just returned from their voyage round the world with the "Three Little Maids" have already begun to prepare for the next production in which they will appear—the at present unnamed or doubly named musical comedy by Colonel Newnham-Davis and Mr. Paul Rubens which will eventually succeed "Sergeant Brue" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre when that successful production is transferred, as it will be on Dec. 5 next, to its original home, the Strand Theatre. One of the popular members of the Company, Mr. George Edwardes's niece, who is professionally known as Miss Edwardine, has, as a matter of fact, already begun to act, for she is now a member of the cast of "The Cingalee," at Daly's Theatre.

The new play in which the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Betty Balfour are collaborating is far from being anything like finished, although in a general way, as was announced in *The Sketch* last week, it is possible to state the subject with which it deals, or, at all events, one phase of the subject. It is scarcely likely to be ready for production—or, at any rate, to be produced—until the London Season is in full swing, at which time, it will be remembered, Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave "Warp and Woof" this year.

Mr. Asche's doubling of what are practically the two finest acting-parts in the piece, if unusual in a West-End Theatre, is still not without precedent, for one of the most famous actors of the last generation used to double the parts of Benedick and Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing," a course which, it need hardly be said, will not be adopted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree in his forthcoming revival of the play, especially as he has in Mr. Lionel Brough an actor who will be a tower of strength in the part of the Constable, whom Shakspeare probably drew from a real constable he met on the road while travelling between Stratford and London. The great Salvini once expressed the opinion that the actor who played Hamlet should also speak the lines of the Ghost, as he believed that a greater effect could be produced in that way—making the audience appreciate that Hamlet was suffering from the effects of an overwrought brain—than by conforming to the custom of allowing the two parts to be played by two different actors. In his zeal for his theories, he evidently forgot that, not only had Shakspeare written the part for two actors, but he had distinctly impressed his individuality on the differentiation of the characters by acting the part of the Ghost himself, one of the few characters which tradition has always assigned to him.

Apropos of Salvini, a report has been promulgated that, although

he is considerably over seventy, he is contemplating paying another professional visit to the United States, where, undeterred by any sense of incongruity, he has generally played in his native Italian while the Company supporting him has acted in English. The result of the polyglot—or rather, duoglot—performance is distinctly curious, the cadence of the two languages being so dissimilar; but the peculiarity has never been a bar to success, and America's greatest actor, Edwin Booth, once allied himself professionally with Italy's most famous tragedian in a representation of "Othello," in which, with his great physical endowment, Salvini has given, from his own point of view, a magnificent performance. It is in this character that he will pay what must of necessity be a farewell visit to the New World.

Not for a long time has a more interesting cast been arranged than that which has been gathered together for the production at the Avenue Theatre of the comic opera which is still called "Ladyland." Among the ladies are Miss Ethel Irving and Miss Geraldine Ulmar, who, it is to be hoped, will be provided with parts for the display of their undoubtedly great gifts; while Mr. George Giddens, fresh from his success in "Beauty and the Barge"—in which, it will be remembered, he was deputising for Mr. Cyril Maude while the popular actor-manager was away on his holiday—will be at the head of the actors, among his associates being Mr. John Tresahar, Mr. E. Dagnall, and Mr. Richard Green; while Mr. François Cellier, who was for many years the conductor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy, will direct the music.

The many friends and admirers of Mr. Edward Terry will have the opportunity of at once congratulating him on his recent marriage, if they have not already done so, and of wishing him God-speed in his forthcoming tour in the United States, for he is to be entertained at a farewell dinner at the Savoy

Hotel on Dec. 4. Being a Sunday, his fellow actors and actresses will be able to be present, and will not have to rush away in order to put in an appearance at their own theatres, as is generally the case when these entertainments are given on the working-days of the week.

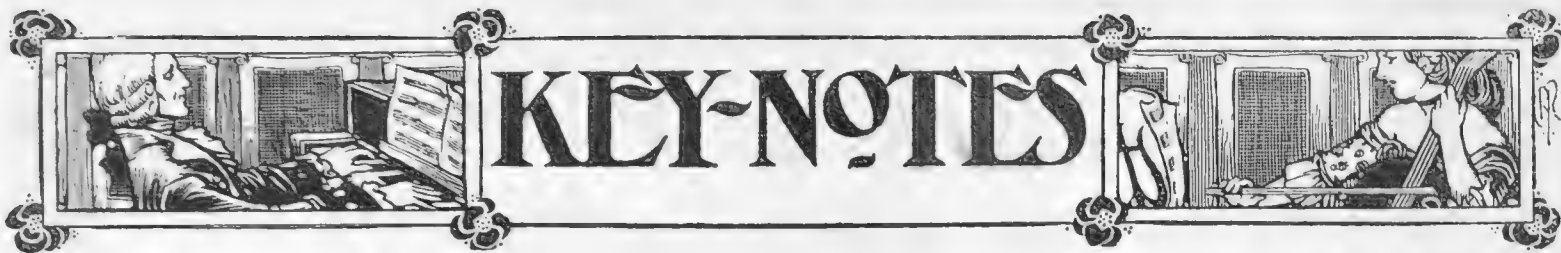
The autograph of few men alive to-day will command so large a sum as six guineas, and the fact that a letter from Sir Henry Irving to the Marquis of Anglesey has fetched that price is, as may be expected, an item of intelligence which has been discussed with a good deal of interest in the world behind the scenes. It undoubtedly shows the great interest which is manifested in the acknowledged head of the dramatic profession, as well as the esteem in which he is held.

An exceedingly attractive programme has been arranged for the benefit matinée for Mrs. Edmund Phelps, which, *Sketch* readers will hardly need reminding, is to take place at His Majesty's Theatre on Friday afternoon. The actor-managers will all take part in the proceedings: Mr. Tree himself in "The Man Who Was," Mr. George Alexander in "The Flower o' the Rose," Mr. Cyril Maude in "The Monkey's Paw," and Mr. Bouchier in "A Lesson in Harmony."



MISS DORIS STOCKER, PLAYING IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



THERE have been many travelling Companies of Opera in and about the provinces, and, no doubt, such Companies have made their own private successes, and very often have been able to draft the best members into excellent positions, singers who in time have reached very high in their own profession; but it is probable, although the magnificent former work of the Carl Rosa Company must never be forgotten, that the perfection of this particular line has never

been brought to a higher point than by Mr. Charles Manners. Mr. Manners is really an extraordinary man in many ways. He is keenly business-like; and, at the same time, he has the spirit of an artist—a combination which is rare enough, in all conscience. The result has been, and one speaks as one who has often travelled in the provinces for various occasions, Festivals or otherwise, that he has built up a very solid reputation apart from any big London success. In London we have always understood that he has met with considerable difficulties, not financial, but of a harassing kind owing to the natural influences of rivalry with which London is so full. His recent Drury Lane Season

concern. It is only in London that it has been found profitable to do without any State aid; of course, those who benefit by the matter (and no possible blame, but every praise must attach to them for their personal energy) have every reason to let well alone; still, this matter of National Opera is apparently not yet done with, and I have no doubt we shall hear a good deal more of it.

The fact that funds are required for the completion of the Sheffield University has brought the scheme of Mr. Manners more prominently before musicians, for he has during the past week produced at Sheffield a series of operas upon a grand scale, the profits of which have been by no means inconsiderable, and have been handed to the authorities who are interested in this University. This is, of course, in itself an extremely generous gift; it is doubtless true, as it is true in every case where publicity means general notoriety, that Mr. Manners will benefit by his open-handedness; but, as he happens to be a champion for a foundation of National Opera, it is only right that his action should have public recognition. Certainly the week of opera, which has included the mounting of eight separate works, has been conducted in most artistic manner. His artists have been of the best, and his chorus, I fear, leaves Covent Garden very much in the background. Madame Fanny Moody has more than enhanced her reputation, and Mr. Manners himself has worked indefatigably both in his managerial and in his artistic character.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Alys Bateman, the programme of whose vocal recital last Monday (Nov. 21) at the Bechstein Hall was of exceptional interest, is a young soprano who has made considerable headway since her début some eighteen months ago. On that occasion, at the St. James's Hall, she was assisted by Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford. Since then Miss Bateman has sung at the Crystal Palace, the Albert Hall, and many other places in London and the provinces. The list of pieces for Monday's recital comprised examples of the works of Mozart, Schumann, Grieg, and Ambroise Thomas, among many others, also "A London Spring Song," by Mr. Roger Quilter.



MISS ALYS BATEMAN, A TALENTED YOUNG SOPRANO.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*

in London was not, in Browning's phrase, "Roses, roses all the way." Despite a good deal of sacrifice to public taste, he found it is clear that rival houses can have little in common together.

Yet it is certain that Mr. Manners has great ambitions towards the creation of a National Opera. I believe that so much is this his hobby that among certain friendly and Club-like circles the imposition of a small fine is made whenever in his presence the words "National Opera" are used. Still, it is rather extraordinary that there is no National Opera in England; and, though it would be ridiculous to decry the Covent Garden management, which brings us all the best singers from every quarter of Europe and America, it still remains that there is a part outside general Grand Opera which might devote itself to the things that are purely of our own soil. Englishmen are so lax in their treatment of art that they seem to take no interest whatever in anything which may be described as "patriotically excellent" in the production of any stage-work. If only there were such a busy artistic life in London as there is a busy life of gold on the Stock Exchange, we should quickly perceive a difference; but music has small life enough, so far as opera is concerned, in London, with the result that Mr. Manners may be hustled out of town, while crowds come to listen to the San Carlo Opera Company. When you come to think of it—and this is quite a case in point, however absurd it may sound—who that has gone to Brussels has failed to visit its famous Zoological Gardens? Yet how many people living quietly in London can seriously say that they have made a point of making a serious examination of the wonders of our own Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park? Possibly we become so insular that we disregard all surrounding things through which we pass day by day, and, therefore, that which one would scarcely regard for half-a-minute in London one would willingly spend two or three hours over in, let us say, Paris, Berlin, or Rome.

Yet, if one goes to Germany, it will be found that in many of the chief towns there exists an opera which is entirely civic and at the same time is supported by regular funds from the Municipality. Frankfort, Berlin, Düsseldorf, Munich, Dresden—all these towns have their own opera, and an opera that is not in any sense run as a private

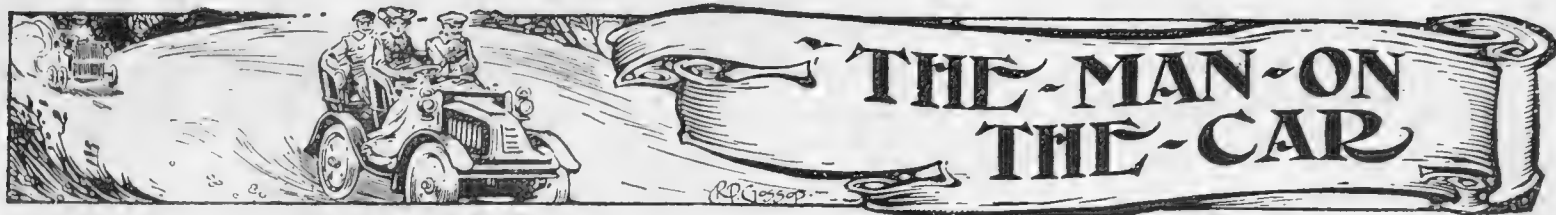


LADY AILEEN WYNDHAM-QUIN, DAUGHTER OF LORD DUNRAVEN.

(See "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

*Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.*





*"The Engine of Satan"—Solid Tyres v. Pneumatic—Long-Distance Trials—The Stanley Show—Week-End Weather.*

JUST how far many people—even clergymen, who are supposed to be more or less tolerant—will go in their prejudice against automobilism is instanced by some correspondence in a late issue of the *Automobile Club Journal*. The Rev. F. T. Wethered, the Vicar of Hurley, is reported as having characterised the motor-car as "the engine of Satan," though how and why he should be in possession of knowledge enabling him to make such a statement I do not pretend to say. However that may be, Mr. Owen Joseph, of Bedford Park, proposed to submit the following questions to the above-named reverend gentleman as the basis of an argument: (1) Why he considered the motor as an engine of Satan? (2) In what way does it or can it affect religious belief? (3) Could he instance a single case of its evil influence?

Now here was a field open to this clerical motorphobist, and grounds upon which he might by the strength of his impeachment blast the future of the motor-car for evermore. But what does he do? He takes refuge in a post-card reply, and, with some idea of agitating the risible nerves of the postman, writes as follows: "I have neither time nor intention to 'argue' on the point. I can only say that, if I knew stronger language wherewith to denounce these accursed machines, I would use it. There will be civil war in England soon if they are not *clean* swept off all metalled roads on which either driving or carriage horses and pedestrians travel, and, if there is civil war, I shall apply for the place of chaplain to the rebel forces. I suppose you are a motor-maker. I can't spare more time in this matter."

An animated discussion is just now going forward on the subject of solid-rubber v. pneumatic tyres, the correspondence being stoutly maintained in one paper, at least, by the inventor and producer of what is most assuredly the best solid-rubber tyre on the market. Whatever may be said or written upon the subject, I suggest that those of my readers who have not had experience of both classes of tyres may take it from me that, no matter the size or form of the solid-rubber tyre, and no matter how well the body of the car is sprung over them, the comfort with solids is fifty per cent. less than that with suitably sized pneumatics on the same weight of car. The solid-tyre supporters may assert what they like to the contrary—they have their own axes to grind, and must not be blamed for putting an edge on them—but I do know, by actual personal experience, that solid tyres do not compare with pneumatics for comfort, to say the least of them. And there are other points which might be urged against them.

For some time past it has been felt that it would be in the interests of all parties, the purchasing public included, if the Automobile Club checked and controlled the long-distance trials which are becoming something of a habit with individual makers and agents. Unless agents and manufacturers elect of their own free-will to put themselves in the Club's hands for trials of the kind, the Club is helpless and obliged to look on at trade-promoted trials and make no sign, save an announcement that it "doesn't approve of such things." The sportsmanlike feeling of Captain Deasy, late of the 16th Lancers and the inhospitable Pamirs, has made it possible for the Club to take a hand in such matters, for the above-named gallant officer has confided the checking and care of his car, a Martini, which is now embarked on a four thousand miles' trip at an average of some two hundred-odd miles per day, to the Club officials.

This week the Stanley Show is in full swing at the Agricultural Hall, whither all who are keenly interested in motor-cycles and tri-cars should betake themselves before the Exhibition closes on Saturday next. The tri-car is the latest and promises to be the most favoured development of the motor-cycle to carry more than one passenger. At the Stanley Show two or three types will be found in which the passengers can sit side by side, and this type must assuredly find favour over those where the riders sit tandem and conversation is carried on with difficulty. It should be quite possible to construct satisfactory vehicles of this description, although the price may approach so nearly to that of a light car that most people may prefer to disburse the extra amount of money. But in automobile accessories the Stanley Show is very rich, and the motorist will find there much that will extract money from his pockets.

The foggy condition of the week-end weather we have experienced of late frequently acts as a deterrent to motoring when it should not. It requires certainly more than an average amount of hardihood to get out the motor, cloak up, and almost feel one's way out of London through the hanging, clammy, chilly reek, and over the terribly slithery suburban roads. But in nine cases out of ten, clear weather, maybe with a bright sun overhead, is found before one is ten miles from Charing Cross, and that is worth all the previous discomfort. If, however, it is desired to take no chances, it is a very easy matter to telephone one of the well-known motoring houses within twenty miles or so of London and find out what the weather is like at that distance from the Metropolis.



"HELD UP": THE MISSES ZENA AND PHYLLIS DARE AND MISS NINA SEVENSING ON A TWELVE HORSE-POWER GLADIATOR IN BATTERSEA PARK.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Finis—Manchester—Lightning Results—Jockeys.*

THE curtain will be rung down on the flat-racing season of 1904 at Manchester on Saturday. It can be truthfully said that from a sporting point of view it has been the best season experienced for half-a-dozen years. True, outsiders won some of the classic races and many of the important handicaps, but backers were well on Wargrave for the Cesarewitch, Hackler's Pride for the Cambridgeshire, and Wild Lad for the Liverpool Cup. The win of Melayr in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood was a terrible blow to the talent, who had backed the mare for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot when she finished down the course. Another facer was met with in the City and

and it is no uncommon thing to see two or three different horses given as the winner of the same race. I believe that the code is brought into play to accelerate the sending of the winners, but codes are edged tools and, to be successful, have to be handled by those who know all about them. It is a marvellous fact that the tic-tac men never make mistakes in signalling either in the names of horses or in the quotations. Signalling by flag is easy enough when adopted in coursing, where only two dogs are engaged; but when applied to horse-racing, with fields ranging from ten to twenty-five horses, the case is somewhat different. If the telephone and telegraph wires are to be beaten, I think it will have to be done by the Marconi system, which, by-the-bye, is a bit too costly just at present to bring it to the course, while, I believe, it could not be used on our racecourses without a special permit from the authorities. The telephone, where get-at-able, beats the telegraph hollow, although, as I have stated many times before, this should not be possible.

Many of the leading jockeys spend the winter months in hunting, shooting, playing billiards, and skating when possible. M. Cannon is very fond of hunting, and he takes the liveliest interest in football, especially when the Southampton men are playing. Halsey, who is a 'cute business-man, rides at exercise during the winter months to keep his hand in, and I certainly think all the apprentices should do the same every morning until the flat-racing season opens again. CAPTAIN COE.



LADIES AT HOCKEY (CHISWICK v. HOLLAND): CHISWICK CENTRE THE BALL.

Suburban, when Robert le Diable, who was supposed not to have a dog's chance, spread-eagled a big field. St. Amant was a rum customer to win the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, but Pretty Polly was fully expected in the One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger. Uninsured was backed all over England and South Africa for the Lincoln Handicap, which he won easily. Elba, a 100 to 8 chance, beat Mark Time (evens) in the Great Metropolitan. Sandboy, who won the Chester Cap, was not quite so good a favourite as Torrent. The winner of the Ascot Stakes, Merry Andrew, was a 20 to 1 chance, but Csardas, who won the Royal Hunt Cup, was backed down to 10 to 1, and the punters did very little harm over this race; but on the year the bookmakers had much the best of it so far as the big handicaps were concerned.

There is every reason to believe that the Manchester Meeting will be a big success this time, and I, for one, should like to see owners patronise the course better than they do, as the management is composed of real live men who leave no stone unturned to further the interests of their patrons. The betting is always good at Cottonopolis, and the racing, as a rule, is interesting to the spectators; that is, when it is possible to see the sport at all. The added money this week is stupendous, and runners for the majority of the events will be many. The Castle Irwell Handicap of 1000 sovs., to be decided on Friday, has obtained a good acceptance, and the winner should take some finding. I am told that Kunstler is very likely to win. The chief dish of the Meeting will, of course, be the November Handicap, to be run on Saturday. The distance is one and a-half miles, which will be too far for many of the horses that have accepted. The hope of the North is Cliftonhall, who, it is said, has received a special preparation for the race; but 8 st. 9 lb. is quite enough to carry through the mud. Roe O'Neill ought to run well, and Proffer, who is on the limit-mark, has been doing good work. However, I shall throw in my lot with Pradella, who, I am told, is very likely to be the pick of the Manton basket. Pradella has, report says, been favourably galloped.

The keen competition going on just now between the result merchants is leading to no end of confusion,

The various international sporting contests have done not a little to strengthen the cordial relations now happily existing, and the visit of a Dutch ladies' hockey-team to this country should still further enhance these friendly feelings. The first match of the tour was played at Southfields Paddock, South Ealing, on Tuesday of last week, when the Dutch ladies were faced by a strong team composed of members of the Chiswick Ladies' Club. The result of a keenly contested game was a draw, each team scoring a couple of goals. It is only fair to mention that the Chiswick ladies had made concessions to the visitors by agreeing to play under Dutch rules and with a Dutch ball, which is somewhat larger and made of softer material than that used in this country.

Mrs. Breitenstein. Miss Vas Visser. Mrs. Van de Poll. Miss L. D'Olleman.



Miss D. del Cour. Miss Van de Poll. Mrs. Van Sminia. Miss del Cour. Miss N. D'Olleman.  
Miss Vas Visser. Miss E. D'Olleman.

LADIES AT HOCKEY: THE DUTCH TEAM.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

NOVEMBER is itself at last, returning to the classic traditions of gloom, fog, and Cimmerian darkness, after a summer and autumn about which the most confirmed grumbler could find nothing climatic to gird at. The most mercurial temperament can hardly be expected to bear up under four solid days of solid fog, and so one finds people's spirits keeping pace with the temperature and most of the world wrapped in gloom. Even the political horizon has its bogie in the shape of "l'affaire Afghan," while the Stock Exchange, always on the look-out for hobgoblins of any nationality, goes into hysterics over the possibility of impossibilities and drops a couple of points all round, to the intense delectation of the "bears," who have not been over-enjoying themselves lately. Meanwhile, the wise folk are those who endeavour to buoy themselves up with the good things within reach. Even a fog-bound afternoon in November can be lived through with the aid of bridge, and it is wonderful how cheering to the spirits is a little restaurant-dinner at one of the right places, with the play to follow.

Everyone is rushing to "The Walls of Jericho," and, of course, we rushed with the rest, to see everyone more or less listening with intense zest to the full-flavoured abuse of his or her own particular "set" (or what is fancied such). Mr. Bouchier, breezy, virile, is admirably suited with a part. Miss Violet Vanbrugh dresses with distinction, flirts to a fine finish, but plays bridge unspeakably. And that velvet gown of the Duchess's! Decidedly one must sit and stare at it again. By the way, at the very *matinée* in question it was refreshing to notice that the theatre-capote has apparently arrived to remain, and the picture-hat of tormenting circumference is thinning out of the stalls. One dainty confection of appropriately small

clever device by means of which the fragile sleeve within is saved from being crushed consists in lines of millinery-wire sewn into shoulders and elbows, whereby contact is avoided and the coat material held away from the *manche* diaphanous within. I have seen the notion applied to several Paris evening-mantles with great success, and then



CHINCHILLA AND CARACUL.

dimensions sitting just in front was copper-coloured velvet, wonderfully embroidered in beetles' wings; another, in pansy velvet, was rather of the Juliet-cap shape, tightly covering the head with bands of amethyst embroidery, and shaded mauve roses fastened above the ears.

Evening-coats grow more voluminous in skirt and sleeves, and a



A HANDSOME OPERA-CLOAK.

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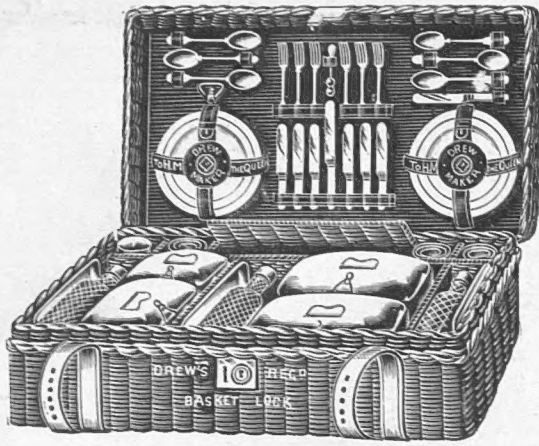
wondered why nobody thought of it before—as one generally does when the working of a great idea is made plain to the uninventive mind.

One of the features of this winter's fashions is the variety of form in belts, the straight band which prevailed when bolero and pouched front were a vogue being now equally *démodé* as these once long-lived favourites. The deep point in front or at back is, in some form or other, universal, and on its trim appearance and smart finish the whole effect of the costume is made or marred. The proper shaping and stiffening of the modish belt was, in fact, rather beyond the efforts of small dressmakers, not to mention maids, until the clever inventors of the "Featherbone" belt, C. B. Weeks to wit, first threw light on darkness. Now, by aid of these truly invaluable departures, a perfectly shaped and fitting belt can be concocted by the merest tyro amongst workers. There is the "Phyllis," made in five different styles, all ready to be covered, which, by reason of its adaptability, promises to have a universal adoption. Another new notion of the same firm is the "Featherbone" epaulette, which can be easily adjusted to any dress, and by widening the shoulders, as is our present fancy, converts a demi-semi smartness into the most full-blown and emphatic *chic*. These excellent aids to perfection of sartorial finish can be bought at any draper's, and to say they are worth their weight in gold hardly expresses their merits, since the "Featherbone" belt, collar, and epaulettes are nothing if not light.

Notwithstanding weather which no adjectives could fitly sum up, an immense and representative audience thronged the Albert Hall on Thursday to hear the ever-youthful Patti sing "Il Bacio," "Home, Sweet Home," and other favourites, in her velvet voice; to hear Sarasate, King-Emperor of violinists; Santley, still most resonant of baritones notwithstanding his retirement; and other "stars" of



hardly less magnitude, who all and each generously came at the pleading of Father Bernard Vaughan to help the destitute children of the East-End. From the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk onward



LUNCHEON AND TEA BASKET FOR HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

every notable Catholic in London must have been present, and many others beside, since the charity for which Father Bernard Vaughan so ably works is absolutely non-sectarian and embraces every poor child who has neither food to eat nor clothes to wear. No praise is too great for those who, like Madame Patti, took this great enterprise on their willing shoulders and

carried it through to such marked success, as the crowd which thronged the Albert Hall so fully testified, and many poor homes will be warmer, happier, and less hungry this Christmas by reason of Father Vaughan's heroic energy.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STORE-ROOM (Brighton).—There are, of course, many admirable kinds, but "Erasmic" is my first-favourite. To begin with, it is absolutely pure; to go on with, it is extremely economical, costing only fourpence a tablet, as against the sixpence of many very inferior soaps; and lastly, its colour and perfume are absolutely attractive. For those who like a very heavily scented soap, both the violet and cream-coloured tablets can be obtained with an extra-strong scent, and are called, respectively, "La Belle" and "De Luxe." But for all ordinary purposes the "Peerless Erasmic Soap" is just perfect, while the perfume of that name is rapidly obtaining a no less widespread popularity.

L. L. L. (Basingstoke).—I really advise you when in town to pay a visit to Mrs. Adair, at 90, New Bond Street. Her system of face-massage is entirely original and entirely excellent, as the immediate success of her several branches in Paris, New York, Birmingham, Nice, and Monte Carlo amply demonstrates. See Mrs. Adair herself if possible. She is very clever and charming, and will take you in hand with the happiest results, I have not the least doubt.

SYBIL.

#### A BEAR AT A BALL.

Madame Batavia, the bear at the Royal Italian Circus, is rapidly obtaining fame in her new rôle of professional sitter to fashionable



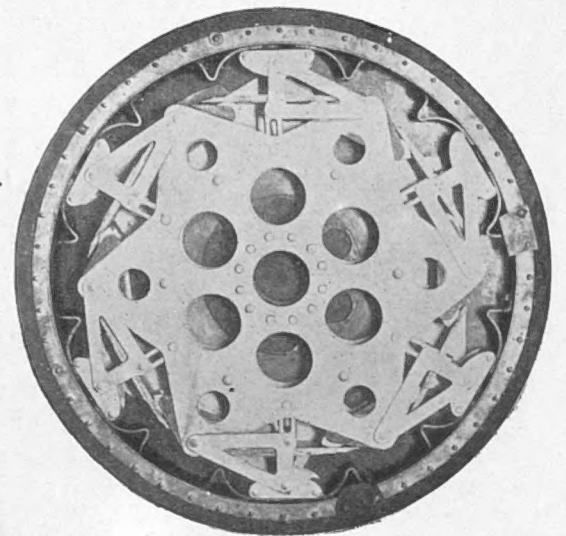
"MADAME BATAVIA," THE ITALIAN CIRCUS BEAR, IN THE DRESS SHE WORE AT THE COVENT GARDEN FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Photograph by the Photolinol Studios, Holland Park Avenue, W.

photographers. The other day she was photographed in her new emotional-gown, and the same evening caused some consternation by visiting Covent Garden Ball. Max Gruber gives a surprising performance at the Royal Italian Circus with his educated elephant, "Minnie," and his trained English thoroughbred, "Shirland." "Fasolin," the trapeze monkey, is as clever as ever, and the two hundred trained ponies, monkeys, dogs, and goats, under the direction of Signors Volpi, go through their extraordinary entertainment twice daily. An excellent series of Bioscope pictures are also included in the programme.

#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE PNEUMATIC-TYRED MOTOR-WHEEL.

The difficulty of securing a motor-wheel which shall combine the resiliency of that fitted with the pneumatic tyre with the hard-wearing qualities of that fitted with the solid is, apparently, some degrees nearer solution, inasmuch as a Beccles engineer has produced a spring-wheel of which great hopes are entertained. Considerable ingenuity has been expended upon its construction, and it is claimed not only that it is vastly more durable than the wheel now in use and equally easy-running, but that the strain set up by contact with the road is distributed over the whole of its mechanism, that it has a spring drive, that the shock of impact with any object is received by the tyre alone and absorbed by the spring drive within the wheel, and that the chance of side-slip is sensibly diminished. "The principle of the invention," according to a writer in the *Standard* who has had opportunity to test it, "consists in a number of short, laminated springs arranged tangentially within the wheel, and connected at their extremities by a system of levers with the apices of the star-shaped frame of the wheel and with each other. The centre of each spring is also attached to a carriage, which is free to move along a curved groove on the internal periphery of the wheel. To the outer periphery is attached a solid rubber tyre. The star-shaped frame already mentioned is rigidly fixed to the centre of the wheel. On starting a car provided with wheels of this character, when the turning movement is given to the centre of the wheel, the whole frame, springs, and carriages move forward under resistance from the springs until the extremities of the grooves in the periphery are reached by the rollers of the little carriages. When this happens the wheel is rigid, and frame and periphery turn as one. Gradually, however, the tension between the periphery of the wheel and its frame relaxes, and then a steady balance is maintained between them." The chief objections to it would seem to be the necessarily complicated nature of the mechanism and the fact that it is thought that the price will approximate fifteen pounds per wheel, as against the twelve pounds paid for an ordinary artillery wheel with pneumatic tyre and inner tube.



A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE PNEUMATIC-TYRED MOTOR-WHEEL: THE "EMPIRE" SPRING-WHEEL.

Messrs. Gallaher, Limited, have just added another distinction to their long list of brilliant successes by winning the Gold Medal at the World's Fair, St. Louis, for the highest grade leaf-tobacco, in a competition open to the whole world.

Messrs. Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus, W., have been entrusted with the making of a luncheon and tea basket for His Majesty the King of Portugal. The basket is shallow, so that it stows away under the seat of the Royal motor-car. The entire fittings are in plain silver, with the Royal crown and monogram engraved on each article. It contains ample provision for luncheon and tea for six persons. The tea-making and water-boiling apparatus is the same as used by Messrs. Drew and Sons in their patent "En Route" tea-baskets.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., tobacconists to the Royal Family, have been appointed the agents for Messrs. Muratti's new Turkish cigarette, the "Ariston de Luxe." This cigarette is of extreme softness of flavour (a quality rarely obtainable), also delightful fragrance and aroma, and, unlike many other brands, will not irritate the throat. The association of Messrs. Bewlay with this cigarette is a guarantee that it is a really good manufacture. Our readers can obtain free samples by applying at 49, Strand.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.*

## THE MARKET OUTLOOK.

IN the purely, or almost purely, professional markets which prevail, the merest breath of political trouble has more effect than even a full-blown war-scare in times when public dealing is the dominant factor. One day we hear of a hitch in the Anglo-Russian Convention as to the Hull incident, and, no sooner does the Stock Exchange recover from the shock, than an evening contemporary,

the man who picks up securities paying him 8 per cent. on his money knows that he accepts a certain risk, the rate of interest should make him quite prepared for a few alarms before his stock calms down to steadiness. The duration of the war who shall declare? Upon that the prices of all the Japanese issues naturally rest, and every alleged attempt which Russia makes to draw this country into a quarrel with herself is one more bull point in favour of Japan Bonds, since it means the struggle between the two nations drawing to a close in consequence of a third Power coming into conflict with one of the belligerents. It is impossible to pretend ignorance of the growing impression that Russia intends to pick a quarrel with ourselves as an excuse for terminating the war in the Extreme East, and, without subscribing whole-heartedly to the theory, we must admit that appearances point very much in its direction. Released from war, Japanese Sixes would go over 100: there can be no doubt whatever as to that, and even though the weary struggle should drag on for another year or two, disgracing the so-called civilised world at large, there still should be ample provision for the service of, at any rate, the first series of the Japanese Sixes issued last May.

## NOT A KAFFIR BOOM.

As the present nineteen-day account draws to its finish, there is an increasing evidence of our last week's contention that the Kaffir boom is not here yet. Public opinion still halts between the two minds of buying and selling: the holder is uncertain whether he should take advantage of the late rise and sell, or whether it would be more prudent to buy a few more. Despite the recent improvement, there are hundreds of people whose Kaffirs stand them in considerably higher than the current levels, and their alternatives of averaging or selling are a source of almost as much perplexity as the long wait in the days of depression was a cause for impatience. So far as we are able to form a judgment upon the immediate future of Kaffirs, we consider that this is no time to sell, although the general run of prices is high enough to tempt the conclusion that a set-back may probably come before the forward movement again sets in. The character of the buying just lately, however, has been so good as to make the observer suppose the market will certainly go still better with the steady advance in the condition of the industry. We hear well of Barnato Consols, of New Comets and Gedulds, and we should by no means advise a sale of the Kaffir shares to which reference has been made from time to time in these pages.

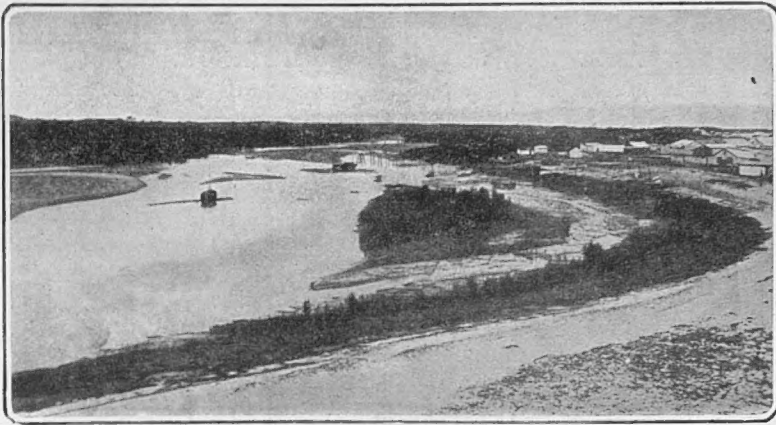
## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Why I am selected for this special honour of writing a letter for *The Sketch* when it isn't my turn, I shall not attempt to explain. For one thing, I don't know the reason myself, but perhaps the man who reports the Railway Conversations—which, in my idea, are rarely worth copying out at all—is laid up with fog or influenza. I only enter into this subject by way of apology, because, having read or skipped one of my letters already this month, you may possibly feel indignant at being compelled to do the same to another at such short notice.

Though a 4 per cent. Bank Rate should come, it is not likely that any of our markets will suffer from its effect. Consols might drop an eighth or so, but, so long as money remains plentiful, a rise of a point in the Rate is more or less negligible. Besides, 4 per cent. would be seasonable just now, and we don't want to have the thing hanging over our heads week after week. So I rather fancy there will be much more relief than regret when the step is taken. But, if it should come as the result of a sudden tightening in supplies, that would be a very different matter, and, with the end of the year in view, it is hardly pessimism to wonder whether we may not hear something of the usual supposed scarcity of cash about Christmas-time. So far as one can judge at present, this mid-winter scare stands a good chance of joining the ranks of the unemployed next month, although in these cases it is almost impossible to forecast for more than a week or two in advance. Recent Christmases have found money uncomfortably scarce, but there ought to be more about this year, and those Stock Exchange offices which suspended their Christmas bonuses will, no doubt, renew payment. It would surely be a graceful act upon the part of the House to present the Committee with some suitable acknowledgment of the labours whereby those worthy gentlemen have endowed us with nominations valued at the present time at something like five hundred pounds. Those of us who have a lurking fear lest the new Rules may act less beneficially than their creators anticipate; might confine our offerings to the Committeemen who opposed the passage of the Rules, while the many clerks to whom a grave injustice has been done, to the enrichment of the shareholders, would, no doubt, gladly present the "Reformers" with an appropriate gift. Maybe the clerks would choose thirty handsomely mounted sticks, one for each Committeeman, with a reverent inscription praying that the latter would "cut" the former.

Writing of money, its possible ease and its probable tightness, there is a scene in the life of Sir John Moore which always acts most powerfully upon my capacity for transgressing the Tenth Commandment. The British Army, retreating to Lugo, met a column of supplies destined for use by their allies. Time pressed, however, and



BEIRA: CHIVEVE RIVER, 1892.

usually most staid and accurate in its news, frightens the dealers with a story about the Afghan border. The stars in their courses seem to fight against a settled political atmosphere, which means the public taking a hand in a true revival.

That we shall get through the end of the year without a rise in the Bank Rate is almost more than can be expected, for both Egypt and South America will make considerable demands on our gold supplies, and, unless the Continental requirements slacken considerably, it seems as if the Bank of England cannot hope to secure any of the gold arriving in this country.

All things work out their own salvation, and the present unsettled state of affairs, by encouraging the bears to over-boldness and by reducing speculative purchases for the rise, may pave the way for a real revival as soon as political and monetary troubles show signs of clearing up.

We hear of several new Company issues which may be expected shortly—that is to say, if the conditions continue favourable. The most important is that of the Piccadilly Hotel, Limited, which, we are told, will offer £600,000 4½ per cent. Debentures at par and 26,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each. We have not seen the prospectus, and therefore it is impossible to pronounce an opinion on the chances of the concern, but our readers should carefully consider what the Company has to say for itself when the prospectus appears. The bulk of the great hotel debentures carry only 4 per cent. interest, and, if the security for the Piccadilly Hotel issue is equal to that of the older establishments, they should command a fair premium.

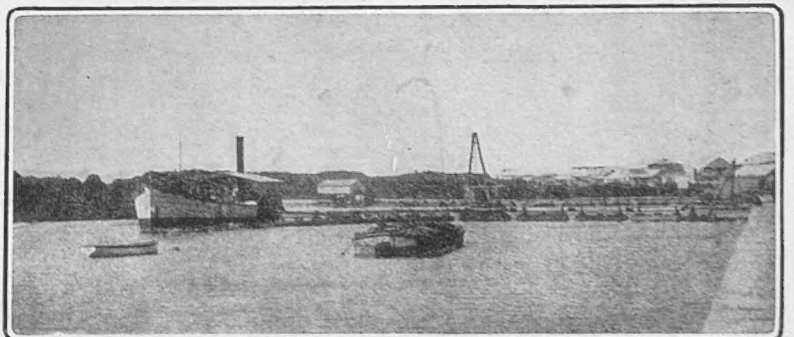
## HOME RAILS.

The fog, bad traffics, and political troubles have combined to make this market a dull one, and yet there are several stocks which, on their dividend prospects, would in better times be considered as promising. Great Western prospects appear to us to be distinctly good both in the immediate future and from the point of view of the investor. At present price the yield is close to 4 per cent., the traffic increase (allowing for under-estimation) should bring a small improvement, while the heavy capital outlay of the last few years is approaching completion and must bring considerable grist to the mill. Undoubtedly, of all our Heavy lines, the Great Western appears the most promising purchase. North British is another line whose Ordinary stock seems worth locking up; its traffics continue good, its dividend prospects are improving, and, by the aid of the new Naval Base on the Forth, the improvement in the Scotch Iron trade, and other causes, the future is certainly promising; and, as the stock is a long way below par, every small increase in the dividend means a good bit to holders at present prices.

We have not space to enlarge on the prospects of the Great Central, but the junior Preferences still appear to us promising speculative purchases, as, even at the enhanced quotations now ruling, there is room within the next year or two for substantial capital increase.

## JAPANESE BONDS.

Those who hastened to sell their allotments of the new Japanese Sixes when the letters came out last Friday were congratulating themselves upon being able to get 1 per cent. premium, but if they had kept the scrip they would probably have done considerably better. For Japanese Bonds are now worth buying for investment, and, since



BEIRA: CHIVEVE RIVER, 1902.



eventually it was decided to encumber Sir John's troops with as little as possible. Two bullock-carts loaded with a hundred thousand Spanish dollars were ordered to destruction, and the casks containing the specie were set rolling into a deep ravine. "The order," records Maxwell, "was unnecessarily but strictly carried into execution, and Lieutenant Bennet, of the Light Company of the 28th Regiment, was placed over the money, with strict orders from Sir John Moore to shoot the first person who attempted to touch it. It was then rolled down the precipice, the casks were soon broken by the rugged rocks, and, the dollars falling out, rolled over the height a sparkling cascade of silver." This Niagara of dollars would have been worth looking at—from some safe spot at the bottom of the cliffs, and when a certain Company has finished mud-larking in the bed of a Sacred Lake it might turn its attention to this little Portuguese project.

Since Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock has now practically reached par, I can turn round and brag about my prowess as a tipster. Speaking from a bad memory, I think Rosies stood between 87 and 90 when *The Sketch* began earnestly to draw attention to the excellence of their prospects. (If this isn't the proper journalistic way of describing a tip, perhaps some Fleet Street reader will correct me.) To all appearance, the price is going better still, but, if there is a chance of using the money more usefully, it seems a pity to risk the loss of a good profit for the sake of perhaps another four or five points rise. From which it will be seen by the acute observer that I am leading up to something else. Quite so. To cut the cackle, if the vulgarism is allowed to pass an exceedingly careful proof-reader, I am eager that you should buy Mexican Rails. Big rise already? Certainly. Highly speculative? I agree. Pool to be dissolved? That is common knowledge. Limited market? Admittedly. But, when all the adverse arguments are arrayed, the broad fact remains that Mexico is the coming country. The way in which the United States people are financing Mexican loans and industries is the most striking tribute that can be paid to the belief they have in the near future of Mexico, and when the gold standard becomes adopted—and it soon will be—Mexican things must go ahead in a way they have never done before. I admit that all this sounds like the bullish claptrap of a bucket-shop, yet I submit, at the same time, that it is no whit exaggerated. Mexican First Prefs. will go to 120 in time, and you can buy the Bonds of the country with impunity—with money as well, of course. This is written not so much for the speculator as for the speculative investor, who will take up what he buys and keep it, if need be, for a year or two, content to let the development of the country make its effect felt upon his stocks. The gambler for differences has also a good opportunity in Mexican Rails, but there are so many things which militate against speculation in semi-investment stocks that the chances of profit are much less than in the case of the man who, as already mentioned, will put the stocks on one side for a while. Moreover, it is a very debatable point whether gambling really pays in the long run.

One thing that always inspires me with ever-fresh admiration for the Stock Exchange is the restraint exercised by members of the House in regard to writing letters to the newspapers. Every now and then, of course, one sees a letter in the newspapers with "Stock Exchange" as the address, but, in view of the continual blunders made by the Press over House affairs, it is remarkable that members are not always writing to the papers. The financial journals manage to keep fairly clear of silly mistakes, but, in regard to the others, they have but to approach, say, a domestic Stock Exchange affair for them constantly to drop into some unconscious slip which appeals to the risibles of the House. Yet, as a body, I say, we write but little to the papers, and, in my humble opinion, it is a great pity that the Committee, of all members in the Stock Exchange, should allow themselves to be lured into newspaper correspondence. The humble broker may well ask where the Committee keep their dignity when he sees his representatives defending their policies in newspapers or supplying the Press with information as to what passes in the sanctum of "upstairs." However much

individual members may challenge the wisdom or policy of their Governors for the time being, the House, as a whole, is willing to yield ready witness to the undoubted self-sacrifice which Committee-work entails, both of time and labour. And, this being so, what further need is there for a member of the Committee, or—unfortunately—several members of that body, to appeal in any way to journalists for the support of their schemes or for the elucidation of their intentions? Let the papers make mistakes, let even the intended benefits of the Committee be misconstrued by members unaware of all the circumstances of the cases upon which the authorities have to legislate, but I know there are many others besides myself who share the strong feeling that the dignity of the Stock Exchange is in no way enhanced by the Committee's eagerness to appear well in the sight of men through the agency of the Press. The which I write in no spirit of disrespect to my governors, teachers, financial pastors and masters, but simply because not even a member of the Committee can have greater reverence for the traditions and honour of the House than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Nov. 19, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

LENA (Ireland).—You cannot expect the security of Consols with the interest you ask for. We suggest that you do not run much risk if you distribute your money over the following (1) United States Brewing 6 per cent. Debentures, (2) River Plate Gas, (3) City of Mexico Bonds, (4) Buenos Ayres Great Western Ordinary, (5) Queensland Investment 4 per cent. Debentures, (6) *Lady's Pictorial* Preference, (7) C. A. Pearson, Ltd., Preference. All round you will get over 5 per cent., and have no liability as in the case of Bank shares.

DUPED.—We have never heard of the outside brokers you name. The only suggestion we can make is to get a solicitor to write and threaten proceedings, and, if this fails, sue them in the City of London Court.

A. M. H.—See this week's Notes. We consider the stock a good speculative purchase.

WIDOW.—We doubt if the shares are saleable or if they will ever be any good.

ALFA.—The Bank is a bill-of-sale, money-lending concern. You will be very foolish to deposit your money.

MAX.—The result of our inquiries is that the concern is one of Harry Lawson's swindles. The shares are of no value and probably will never be saleable.

ISOMY.—The Robe and Costume Maker shares are a very doubtful investment and one we should not recommend. In the market it is not looked on with favour. As to the Callaroy Company, nobody has ever heard of it and none of the books of reference even give its name. It cannot be "a sound Trust investment."

INQUIRER.—Of your list we prefer Argentine Great Western, City of Mexico Bonds, and Armstrong shares, and these three and any of the investments recommended to "Lena" should suit you.

We are asked to state that Lord Sandhurst has been elected a Director of the National Provident Institution, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. W. H. Willans, and that Mr. Lewis Frederick Hovil has been appointed Actuary and Secretary in succession to Mr. Arthur Smither, who retires after forty years' service.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

# WINOLIA

## SOAP

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